

Catholic Digest

MAY 1953

35¢

**How to Stay
Married Though
Unhappy**
By FULTON J. SHEEN



Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COVER: Eight-year-old Kathleen Jantonio of Cleveland celebrates her First Communion day. See the picture story on pages 20 and 21.
Peter Hastings-Black Star

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"And now, brethren, all that
rings true, all that commands
reverence, and all that makes
for right; all that is pure, all
that is lovely, all that is graci-
ous in the telling; virtue and
merit, wherever virtue and
merit are found—let this be the
argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the
Philippians, Chapter 4). This is
the argument of THE CATHOLIC
DIGEST. Its contents, there-
fore, may come from any
source, magazine, book, news-
paper, syndicate, of whatever
language, of any writer. Un-
fortunately, this does not
mean approval of the "entire
source," but only of what is
herein published.

VOL. 17

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A Protestant's School Plan

With our present system, only the secularist minority is totally happy

By TED LEBERTHON

Condensed from the *Marianist**

DEAN JAMES M. MALLOCH of St. James Episcopal cathedral in Fresno, Calif., and president of that city's board of education, has come out for a new public-school system. It would be based on democratic freedom of choice for parents as to the kind of public-school education the children of each shall receive. His plan calls for a fourfold division of the present wholly secularist public-school system into Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and secularist public schools.

Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish parents who wish their children to receive a religiously integrated education have to maintain their own schools without government aid. At the same time, the government totally supports a wholly secularist educational system, at the expense of all taxpayers. Dean Malloch holds that this situation is highly inequitable.

The dean believes it is high time that Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish leaders realize that past conflict between them has only played into the hands of the secularists. He

defines secularists as being either "totalitarian materialists" or persons honestly or otherwise deluded. The latter mistake totalitarian uniformity for the democratic unity of free men of diverse beliefs.

"By a terrible irony, we have turned elementary and secondary public education over to the common enemy of all religion, the complete secularist," he said.

"The fact that children are instructed in grammar, spelling, reading, mathematics, history, geography, and every other subject suitable to their years except religion, subtly conveys the impression that religion is not very important.

"For years now I have been telling my Episcopalian flock that Protestants have nothing to gain by attacking Catholic doctrines and practices. This is not only not the Christian way, it will never make for more or better Protestants. Rather, it will weaken Christendom. It is a scandal that drives many sincere seekers away from all churches.

"We who believe in common,

*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. April, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the *Marianist*, and reprinted with permission.

whatever our differences, in the revelation made by God to Moses on Sinai, must either stand together or become the common victims of a Hitler or a Stalin. Current history has that news for us, in bloody words for all to see.

"Freedom of religious worship is inseparable from the freedom to educate our children in some educational system integrated about the religion of our choice. Government should accord support not to one but to several types of education, as a matter of simplest justice and equity to *all* its citizens and taxpayers."

And how is this to be practically accomplished? How, since our citizens are made up of Catholics, members of the Eastern Orthodox Church, some 200 varieties of Protestants, Orthodox and Reformed Jews, persons with no formal allegiance to any church, and all-out unbelievers?

Let Dean Malloch speak. "We must decentralize our present public-school system into four, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and secular, the latter a continuation of the present curriculum. In cities and rural areas where there would be a sufficient number of adherents to the Eastern Orthodox Church to warrant it, a fifth system would be in order.

"Very small schools, with only a half dozen or so pupils in every grade, would be economically unsound. As there might be only a

few religious Jews and Eastern Orthodox adherents in some areas, their children would have a choice in such areas of attending a secular, Protestant or Catholic school. In many sections of the deep South, where there would be only a comparative handful of Catholics, Catholic parents would have to send their children, as they do now, to a secular public school or to a Protestant public school. If an area or school district happened to be overwhelmingly Catholic in population, Protestant parents would be obliged to choose between Catholic and secular schools."

But Dean Malloch does not believe government should totally support any educational system. "Rather, there should be governmental matchings of funds with amounts raised by the private enterprise of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and secularists, and proportionate grants-in-aid and loans toward encouraging that voluntary spirit that is the very soul of any sound American community. I am against Catholic, Protestant, Jewish or secularist schools being mere wards of the state.

"When it comes to a matching of funds it will be the secularists who will make the poorest showing. It is the Catholics, Protestants, and religious Jews who have built and maintained hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, and a wide variety of private welfare organizations, and not the agnostics,

freethinkers, atheists, and other varieties of secularist.

"It is my unshakeable conviction that a few years after a fourfold educational system such as I have outlined is functioning most of the secularist schools will wither away. For the secularist wants everything "for free" and his way, despite the fact that Catholics, Protestants, and Jews pay most of the tax bill."

I asked Dean Malloch if he believed that many Protestant denominations could agree on a single, over-all Protestant school system, with a standardized religious program and textbooks.

"The answer to that," he said, "is that they already have done so in Canada, where all public schools are either Protestant schools or Catholic schools."*

Would not any attempt on the part of legislators to introduce a measure in support of Dean Malloch's plan arouse the same old clamor about "separation of Church and state"?

"Yes, and there will still be some non-Catholic clergymen and educators who, in a sort of blindness or rut, are likely to oppose anything by which the Catholic religion would benefit, even if Protestantism and Judaism concurrently benefited and religion on the whole benefited. But an ever-growing number are realizing that we have been thinking of separation of

Church and state in a way the founding fathers of our country clearly did not intend.

"The founders simply, and rightly, opposed the establishment of a state religion, and the favoring, in any way, of one denomination above another. But they did not intend to oppose or discourage religion. In fact, during the first 75 years of this nation's history, religion was taught in virtually all schools, colleges, and universities.

"There is a new wind blowing today throughout Protestantism. At the last meeting, held in Denver, the General Assembly issued a most significant letter 'To the Christian people of the U. S.' In this letter, secularism was deplored as itself a pseudo religion of the sort inculcated by communist and fascist governments.

"Speaking of the public-school system, the letter stated, 'In some Constitutional way, provision should be made for the inculcation of the principles of religion.' The fourfold system that I have arrived at could not violate any Constitutional principle. The now widely quoted Protestant letter was much of a piece with an earlier statement by the American Catholic hierarchy, and presages a common stand in legislative halls in the future.

"The Catholic Church has taken a long lead in integrating education around the truths of Christ. Non-Catholic religious leaders must follow that example."

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March, 1953, p. 1.

How to Stay Married Though Unhappy

*The love of God can solve the problems
that will not yield to logic or persuasion*

By **FULTON J. SHEEN**

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping**

SOME MARRIAGES sour and become either physical catastrophes or psychological nightmares. The husband becomes unfaithful or the wife an alcoholic. He becomes crude and cruel or she becomes nagging and jealous. He stays out late or she becomes sloppy. He becomes "unbearable" or she becomes "impossible." Think of all the reasons you please; then we have the problem: should there be a divorce, with the right of remarriage?

In our Western civilization it is the first remedy invoked. But why? The assumptions can be reduced to six.

1. We are supposed to get as much pleasure out of life as possible.

2. Freedom means the right to do whatever you please; and to deny the right to remarry after divorce is to destroy freedom and kill self-expression.

3. Marriage is a contract based on a mood at the moment; if that

mood does not continue, then the contract is void.

4. We can no longer live according to the Ten Commandments or traditional Christian morality because they no longer suit the needs of modern man.

5. The purpose of marriage is sex adjustment; sex being an instinct, we should follow it. If the instinct is no longer satisfied with one partner, it should be shifted to another.

6. Each individual must determine for himself what is right and wrong. What matters so long as one is sincere?

The above assumptions are based on fallacies.

1. The purpose of life is not pleasure. Rather, it is to attain to perfect life, all truth and undying ecstatic love: and this is the definition of God. In pursuing that goal we find happiness. Pleasure is not the purpose of anything; pleasure is a by-product resulting from doing something that is good. One of

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. February 1953. Copyright 1953 by The Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

the best ways to get happiness and pleasure out of life is to ask ourselves, "How can I please God?" and "Why am I not better?" It is the pleasure seekers who are bored, for all pleasures diminish with repetition.

2. Freedom does not mean the right to do whatever we please, but rather to do whatever we ought. Certainly we can do whatever we please. We can drop bags of water out of office windows. We can pull spikes out of railroad ties. We can break school windows. But ought we?

The right to do whatever we please reduces freedom to a physical power and forgets that freedom is a moral power. Ought-ness implies law, order, purpose, goals, and finality. We are free within the law and not outside it.

Self-expression can be wrong as well as right. A boiler is self-expressive when it exceeds the pressure limit imposed on it by its maker. A train is self-expressive when it jumps the tracks and makes its own way.

When self-expression is identified with irrational surrender to lower instincts, it ends by making the person a slave to those passions. Self-denial is not a renunciation of freedom. It is rather the taming of what is savage and base in our nature for the sake of what is higher and better.

3. Marriage is not a contract based on moods. Nothing perma-

nent will ever be done on the basis of moods. On that basis a farmer could not plant potatoes; maybe next week he will be in a tomato mood.

A man who marries a woman thinking to divorce her when his mood changes is also capable of marrying her thinking that he might murder her. No other contract in the world is subject to alteration on change of mood. No businessman can ever have dealings with another on such a basis.

4. Man may not be living according to the Ten Commandments, but does that prove that the Commandments are wrong? If most people began stealing, would that make stealing right? How then can divorce become right if most people get divorces? It is silly to think that we should have new morals to suit immoral ways of living, new ethics to suit unethical lives. Truth and morality have nothing to do with clock or calendar.

5. It is not true that human relations are matters of instinct, in particular, of the sex instinct. Man is not a creature of instincts like an animal. Since he is a rational creature, his instincts are to be directed reasonably.

Marriage is based on love, not sex. Sex is one of the means God has instituted for the deepening of love between husband and wife. Sex is biological and has its definite zones of satisfaction. Under cer-

tain circumstances, love includes all of these, but it is directed to the totality of the person loved, his or her mind, body, soul. To make marriage a matter of sex adjustment is to reduce human beings to the level of jackals.

6. The determinant of right and wrong is not the individual. Independent and objective factors in the universe make for right and wrong. No person decides the time independent of the sun and a clock; much less does he make a thing right by calling it right.

Saying we are sincere in what we do does not make a wrong right. A madman is sincere in calling himself Napoleon. Hitler said he was sincere, but he was not right. The modern disease is *mania grandiosa*, the swelling up of the ego to infinity, the trampling on others to satisfy its whims.

Pointing out the fallacy behind these assumptions will induce no one to forego divorce with remarriage. As Newman said, "Logic makes but sorry rhetoric with the multitude." Nor will any human appeal induce unhappy couples to stick it out in the midst of crucifixions. You can give a thousand human reasons to unhappy couples to induce them to forego divorce. You can appeal to their sense of honor. You can beg them on bended knees to maintain their self-respect. You can argue about the sacredness of a contract and tell them they have no assurance that

the second marriage will be happier. You can ask, "What of the children?" You can talk about loyalty until you are blue in the face. But when the marriage, from a purely human point of view, is unbearable, no human motive will hold the marriage together. Only God Himself can.

Being reasonable, couples in mental or physical anguish have a right to know the spiritual motivations against divorce. They should also know the consolations that come from accepting the burden, how their own personalities can be enriched thereby.

1. Nothing ever comes up to expectations. To expect perfect happiness in marriage or anything else in this life is to subject ourselves to disillusionment. Only perfect love can ever satisfy us, and perfect love is God. We all want infinite happiness. Those who do not concretely believe in God transfer the infinity to sex, power or wealth.

In an unhappy marriage, the conclusion to be drawn is not that love has failed, but that a human being has failed. One has not touched the bottom of love; he has touched only the bottom of egotism. Because a bridge fails, engineering has not failed.

It is not true that after a bad marriage one must go through life unloved. Love still exists, not only the love of the unworthy partner, but also Love itself.

2. To be the victim of an un-

happy marriage does not necessarily mean one is deprived of happiness. There are levels of happiness. One is the level of the flesh, another the level of the mind, another the level of the divine. The law running through the universe is that no one ever mounts to a higher love without dying to a lower one. When the roadway of the flesh is blocked, the highway of the spirit can be opened.

3. The greatest loves are often unshared. Marriage was meant to produce shared love; it is happiest when two streams fill up from each other their lacking measure. But it is wrong to assume that an unre-turned love is the same as being loveless. God's love is for the most part unshared. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Love can still care even when the other is careless.

Let it be assumed that one's partner, from a human point of view, is "impossible." Nevertheless, in the eyes of God, that "impossible" one is still one's partner. Suppose now that husband or wife gets pneumonia. Would one spouse abandon the other because of the physical illness? Why should it be otherwise when the partner is suffering from moral illness? Here love achieves its true purpose, which is the abrogation of egotism through sacrifice.

Acceptance of trials in continuing love is not a sentence to death. The soldier is not sentenced to

death because he takes an oath to his country, but he admits that he is ready to face death rather than lose honor. To be wounded for your country's sake is noble; to be wounded for God's sake and the salvation of your soul and the soul of an "unworthy" partner is nobler still.

4. Suffering is bearable if there is someone we love. No human being is free to decide whether he will go through life without suffering and trial. These constitute as much the essence of life as shadows resulting from sunlight. Our choice is only to decide how we will react to them. Some trials in marriage are of such a magnitude that no human remedy can help; it is then that one must turn to God and the fullness of His love.

The world is full of wasted pain and suffering, wasted crosses, wasted anxieties, because the afflicted love no one enough to offer up their trials. The love of God alone can make unbearable marriages bearable, and make yokes sweet and burdens light. It takes three to make love: husband, wife, and God. When there is love to give, but no human return, then it is God who makes the payment, and God's love is ecstasy.

Bishop Sheen may be seen on TV, Dumont network, on Tuesday evenings; and heard on radio, Mutual network, Thursday evenings.



Look at Yourself!

*This short course in self-analysis
can do you a lot of good*

By PAUL W. BOYNTON

Condensed from "Six Ways to Retire"*

Most of us know more about our jobs than we do about ourselves.

Experiments prove that the average person does not recognize the sound of his own voice when it is played back to him. Neither does he always recognize his own handwriting. He often fails to identify his own reflection in a mirror on the street. He is usually less familiar with his own facial expressions and mannerisms than his family is. He almost never suspects how much of his personality he reveals even to persons he meets casually.

Here are some questions. Honestly answered, they will give you a pretty good picture of your personality. You must judge as others judge you: by what your own actions prove about yourself.

1. Do you accept or resent criticism? It is only human to prefer approval to disapproval and to feel upset by criticism. But if you immediately start finding fault with the one who criticizes you, watch

out. If you feel that you are beyond criticism, you need a course in Christian humility.

Try this on yourself for two weeks. Write down every direct or implied criticism that you receive. Do it whether you think it is just or unjust. How many times has the same defect or shortcoming been touched on? Does your wife think you are inconsiderate? Does your employer find you careless or irresponsible? Do your subordinates find you arrogant? Do other drivers shout at you on the road? Do you find yourself involved in angry discussions?

The truth may not be palatable, but it is helpful. If you have to answer Yes to many of the questions, do so honestly. Do not answer "Yes, but—." It is not an alibi you need. It is a change of attitude.

2. Are you friendly? Do not estimate this by what you would like to think about yourself. Look at your record. How many friends do you have? Do they seek you out?

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Do they come to you with their troubles? Do they share their hopes, fears, pleasures with you? What do you do, concretely, to improve and build friendships?

How many of your friends have you seen during the last month? Do you talk to them about their own interests, or do you bore them stiff talking about yourself? Unfair as it may seem, they are as interested in themselves as you are in you. Do you keep the conversation cheerful or do you throw a pall of gloom over your meeting? Do you choose friends because they are congenial or because they are useful contacts?

3. Are you a leader, follower, or solitary? Whichever you are, this trait you were born with. You can't do much to change, but it is important that you know which you are. Each kind of person is important in carrying on the work of the world.

Knowing yourself on this point will help you find the field in which you are most likely to succeed. You may find that you have leadership you never use. Or, after repeated failures, you may decide correctly that you just weren't made to run a business; then you'd better take a job working for somebody else. Again, you may find that you do your best work when you're by yourself. Many writers, artists, and scientists are of this type. If you are unhappy when alone, finding a job will put you

in contact with many other people.

4. Can you avoid being domineering? This applies not only to business management but to everyday relationships. If you tend to dominate others you may get your own way but you may also be storing up antagonisms. You lose in friendship and popularity what you gain in power. It's then up to you to decide which you desire. You can't always have both.

5. Do you welcome or fear change? This is a vital question. All of life is a process of change. We go from youth to middle age to old age, from health to sickness, from employment to unemployment, from war to peace, from rags to riches and back again, from happiness to sorrow, from hope to fear.

The more flexible you are as a human being, the richer and more painless will be your life. If you can train yourself to meet change, you can eliminate a great source of fear. The best-laid plans, the strongest security, can be overturned in a moment. Ask anyone who has lived in Europe the last 20 years.

Life offers no guarantees. Yet it is not the strongest tree that survives the storm; it is the one that can bend with the wind and not crack.

Rigidity and resistance to change are usually signs of aging. Yet they can appear in a person of 20. No matter what his age, the rigid man

is old. He is a slave to his own habits, physical and mental. Flexibility in thinking must come like flexibility of muscle, by use. The time for mental limbering up is now.

6. Do you take part in things or hold aloof? Taking part in things broadens your range of interests. The man who stands aside and asks only to be left alone will ultimately find himself left alone.

Almost everything that goes on around you concerns you to some extent. It doesn't matter whether it is the widening of a street or the founding of a boys' club. It has an effect on the taxes you pay or on the kind of neighborhood you're going to live in.

As a mature human being you cannot entirely escape responsibility for the kind of world you live in. You cannot escape responsibility for the kind of government you have. You have a voice in affairs. Make use of it. You will not only be a better citizen, but you will become better aware of your stature as a human being.

7. Does failure crush you? Or do you use it as a springboard for another try? There is no human being who has not failed over and over. Abraham Lincoln had accomplished very little by the time he was 50. Ulysses S. Grant was a middle-aged failure when he was called to the army in the Civil war.

Do you give up easily? Do you stick to a thing until you conquer

it? If you give up easily, you will find it difficult to build a working program for the future. The first problem that comes up will make you quit. Make yourself try just once more. Then again, and again.

There is no such thing as permanent failure, unless, of course, you accept it. There are only obstacles to be surmounted. Other people do it every day. Why not give yourself credit for as much moral stamina as they have? Stamina needs exercise to grow.

If you have answered all these questions honestly, it may be that you have a feeling of dissatisfaction or discouragement. However, the sooner you make a start on correcting your shortcomings, the easier you will find it to do so. You can make unbelievable changes in your personality if you really want to, provided that you set about it systematically. The surest way to fail is to refuse to admit any faults.

Last of all, don't take yourself too seriously! Learn to laugh at yourself and the mistakes you make, even while you are doing your best to overcome them. Remember that countless others face the same worries, have the same desire for friendships, suffer from the same feeling of inadequacy that may bother you. Don't become too introspective. Others have a way of letting us know about our faults. If we keep our eye out for an occasional hint, we can get a pretty good idea of what we are.

Work for Everybody

There is little reason to fear unemployment

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Condensed from *Steelways**

WHICH do you fear more, unemployment or too much employment? You'd probably say unemployment, and you would be wrong. Manpower is our problem.

In addition to the needs of business and industry are the demands of an expanding military establishment. Some analysts call this state of affairs "partial mobilization," but the term is misleading. Mobilization implies a temporary measure to meet an emergency. Actually, however, we must live and work as our European neighbors have done for a century, with weapons in one hand and tools in the other. We are not used to it, and we don't like it, but the chances are that we will be compelled to maintain a high level of military readiness for years to come.

Our new needs take manpower first for the military services; and then for workers to supply food, equipment, and arms for the fighting man. We have removed some 3.7 million young men from our labor force and put them in uniform. Also, we have diverted from

civilian to defense production a labor force that amounted to about 5.4 million in 1951, some 7.7 million in 1952, and an estimated 8.1 million this year.

Our secondary manpower demands, too, are growing. The need for workers in transportation, communications, administration, sales, public relations, and finance is steadily increasing.

Where is the manpower coming from? The question is under study by both the government and private-research organizations.

Research doesn't have to go very far to establish one fact: neither the military nor the economic challenge to the U.S. can be met, as far as manpower is concerned, by numbers alone. Our enemies far outnumber us, and the trend in world population growth is not in our favor.

Though we still have a few unemployed, it is doubtful that the number exceeds 1,400,000. As our needs increase some retired workers can be induced to return to the labor force; better use can be made of the handicapped; and there will

*April, 1953. Reprinted with permission of Steelways, 350 5th Ave., New York City 1, published by the American Iron and Steel Institute.

be a slight increase in the labor force due to the normal rise in population. There are, in addition, some 18 million women in the country today who are not directly employed and who do not have children under six years of age. They might be induced, as many were during the 2nd World War, to take a job.

But in spite of these potential areas of relief, if our economy continues to expand and if the international situation continues tense, we are close to the bottom of the manpower barrel. We have no choice but to encourage the trend toward quality rather than quantity of workers, machine power rather than manpower.

This will call for a greater capital investment in industry. One company in the steel industry, which recently built an integrated mill for the new world we live in, invested an estimated \$75,000 for every man to be employed. This reflects the cost of machines and equipment. Survival today depends on our creating better machines and thus increasing production per man-hour of work.

In America the incentive for such technological advance has always come from competition. Competition, in great part, accounts for our becoming a nation of workers who depend more on brain power than on muscle power. This has been the trend for well over a century.

"In 1850," according to a 20th Century Fund survey of America's needs and resources, "22% of our physical work was done by human muscles, 47% by work animals, and 31% by energy obtained from fuels, water power and wind power. In 1900 the respective amounts were: man, 10%; animals, 20%; fuels, water power, and wind power, 70%. By 1930 the change was far more significant: man, 2.3%; animals, 2.1%; machines, 95.6% (sailing vessels and wind power are no longer of any significance). Today the machine's share has risen above 97% and is expected to exceed 98% by 1960."

We produce more in less time for higher wages. According to Dr. Dewhurst of the 20th Century Fund, the average worker produces about six times as much goods per man-hour as he did in 1850. The national income, consequently, has increased about 30-fold (measured in dollars of comparable purchasing power), while the working force has increased only eightfold. This has enabled employers to pay higher wages for a steadily declining work week. The average weekly wage for workers in manufacturing industries in 1890 was approximately \$11.94. In November, 1952, it was estimated at \$70.78.

On farms, there has been a comparable increase in productivity. In 1850, each farm worker produced food and fibers for himself and 4.7 other persons. In 1950, he produced

food and fibers for himself and 15.6 other persons!

The figures partially explain how we have been able to accomplish the wonder of fighting three wars in some 40 years while steadily increasing our standard of living.

Thus far our increased productivity has enabled us to meet our food requirements, but machines and methods must continue to improve if we hope to continue to meet them. The President's Commission on Materials has forecast that in

1975 about the same number of farm workers as we have today must produce at least 42% more food from about the same acreage.

What does all this mean? It means, first of all, that we must do nothing to discourage technological advancement. We must not tax away the capital needed in industry and on the farm to increase productivity with machines.

It means, too, more education. We need more scientists. We need more engineers to put their dis-

Men Come First

ONE KNOWS where to look in social thought for the technical concept of society, namely, in the gigantic enterprises of modern industry. Indubitably, they are marvelous manifestations of the inventive and constructive genius of the human spirit. It is right for the world to admire enterprises which in the area of production and management succeed in coordinating and mobilizing the physical forces of men and matter. But what must be denied is that modern social life should be regulated by them or made to conform to them.

Modern industry has unquestionably had beneficial results, but the problem which arises today is this: will a world in which the only economic form to find acceptance is a vast productive system be equally fitted to exert a happy influence upon society in general and upon the three fundamental institutions of society in particular? Whoever, therefore, would furnish assistance to the needs of individuals and peoples cannot rely for security upon an impersonal system of men and matter, no matter how vigorously developed in its technical aspects.

Every plan or program must be inspired by the principle that man as subject, guardian, and promoter of human values is more important than mere things; is more important than practical applications of scientific progress; and that above all it is imperative to preserve from an unwholesome "depersonalization" the essential forms of the social order, and to use them to create and develop human relationships. From the 1952 Christmas Eve Address of Pope Pius XII

coveries into processes and machines. We need more trained technicians to carry out the processes; trained operators to control the machines; trained foremen and supervisors to keep operations moving efficiently. We need trained administrators to integrate the various parts of the business or factory and key it in with the economy as a whole.

Industry is already moving to meet this goal. With apprenticeship training, industry-sponsored fellowships and scholarships, it is recognizing practical education for what it is: the essential base of an industrial civilization.

One of the most significant manpower trends in recent times, in fact, has been the steady decline of our unskilled labor force. In 1910, 36% of our labor was unskilled. Today the figure has dropped to around 20%. In 1910, unskilled farm laborers made up 14.5% of our labor force. In 1950, the figure had declined to about 5%.

If we are to survive, this trend must continue.

Crustacean Politics

THREE ambitious politicians were walking along a beach, planning a strategic move to defeat a powerful rival, when they came upon several young boys looking for crabs. As each crab was caught, it was put into a wicker basket.

Looking into the container, one of the men warned: "You boys should cover your basket; if you aren't careful, the crabs will all climb out and run away."

"Aw, we don't need any cover," a freckle-faced youngster explained. "If one crab tries to climb up, the others will pull him down." Jon Chinen.

Machine power is a boon, not a threat, to our society. In an expanding economy the machine that takes away one job today adds more tomorrow. Any machine that increases the production of a worker not only helps to raise that worker's wage level and reduce his working hours; it also helps to put a lower price tag on the products he buys. Improved machines raise wages, shorten work days, and raise the standard of living.

We are freer today than ever before from economic fears and insecurity. We can continue to develop new machines and strive for increased production. When we must use what manpower we have to advantage, our technological resources are our means of survival.

Finally, we must accept our obligation to ourselves. We must see beyond the skills, the processes and machines, beyond the products and comforts of an industrial civilization, and learn how to live in peace in the world we are making. Now that we have reached the age of the atom, the proper study of mankind is man.

Mexico's Ten-Story Picture

*An acre of art glorifies the University library
and the cultural heritage of our southern neighbor*

By JAMES NORMAN

Condensed from *Américas**

MEXICO's University City library building boasts one of the most remarkable art projects in this hemisphere. It is a ten-story-high stone mosaic picture that looks like a tapestry. The designer and maker is the Mexican architect and painter Juan O'Gorman.

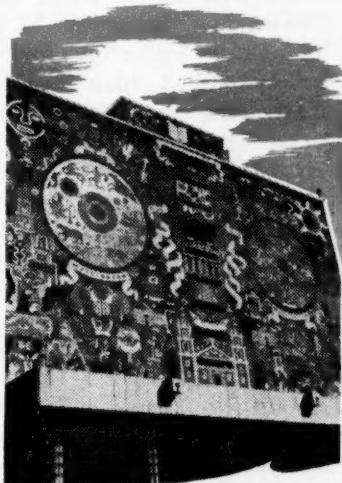
The size of the project staggers the imagination. Three million tiny stones, each less than two inches in diameter, cover 4,440 square yards, sheathing all four sides of the building. Lay the four walls side by side, and you would have a picture almost as large as a football field.

In Mexico, mural-painting competition is followed just as keenly as the World Series is in the U.S. Juan O'Gorman is in the same league artistically as Diego Ri-

vera, David Alfaro Siqueiros, José Chávez Morado, and the late José Clemente Orozco. Most Mexicans agree that O'Gorman's bold and most original creation at University City is a turning point in Mexican mural art and architecture.

The skyscraper's utter nakedness—the upper ten floors house windowless, air-conditioned bookstacks—posed an esthetic problem. It looked like a massive white-washed headstone.

When Mexico City's fabulous university campus was on the drawing boards, more than 100 architects planned the various buildings. Three, Juan Martínez de Velasco, Gustavo Saavedra, and Juan O'Gorman, had been commissioned to do the central library. O'Gorman came up with the



*Monthly magazine published by the Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C., in English, Spanish, and Portuguese. March, 1953.

breathtaking but difficult idea for the exterior. Architect Carlos Lazo, chief planner of the project, was immediately intrigued. His authorization of the big mural is a tribute both to his imagination and to the Mexican government, which gave free rein to the artists.

O'Gorman's over-all plan was to depict the history of ideas in Mexico. The two largest walls, each about 142 feet wide and 90 feet high, would be symbolic of pre-Hispanic and colonial cultural history. The two narrower end walls, 54 feet wide, would deal with the contrasts between the European ideas implanted in Mexico and the native cultural heritage of the Mexican Indians.

The south wall is divided into two areas that might be called "the elements for good and the elements for evil." A church, a Greek temple, and a medieval castle in a central montage represent the colonial culture—Catholicism, humanism, and medievalism. On one side, grouped around a huge symbol of the Ptolemaic system of the universe, are figures representing those who brought learning and faith to Mexico: the Franciscan and Dominican missionaries, and the Augustinians of the university. On the opposite side, grouped around the Copernican symbol, are the figures illustrating the warlike and acquisitive aspects of colonial culture.

The most imaginative of O'Gorman's panels deals with the cul-

ture, ceremonies, and religious cosmology of the Aztec people. Again there is a division between good and evil. The various calendar symbols, figures of gods and emperors, and depictions of Aztec religious rites, are drawn together by twisting streams. The streams map the principal waterways linking ancient Tenochtitlan (Mexico City) with its empire. O'Gorman sketched out his figures in the picture writing of the Aztec people.

No one in Europe, Asia, or the Americas had ever made such a huge picture. The closest to it were the façades of the Gothic cathedrals. But O'Gorman had been experimenting with mosaic facings for years. He scoured the mountains of Mexico for rock in the exact colors he needed. He devised stone mosaics for his own home and he built a mosaic house near by for the U.S. composer Conlan Nancarrow. But these mosaics were small and purely decorative. He made them by sketching a design on a wall and covering it with a concrete mastic in which the colored stones were fixed piece by piece.

At first, O'Gorman considered following the same tedious process on the skyscraper library. "But when I realized that I'd have to come down eight or nine stories from the scaffolding and back away a block to see if my drawing was right," O'Gorman explains, "I began looking for a better way of

doing the job." He decided to prefabricate his mural. Here engineering helped the artist. He made the mural on the ground in meter-square pieces. Then he hoisted the sections to the building façade, hooked them to a metal framework, and cemented them in place.

More than an acre of sketches were made on his big drawing board. More than 10,000 thumbtacks were used. Meanwhile, colored rocks were hauled in from the quarries of Mexico: yellows and reds from historic Taxco, roses and greens from Iguala and Tula, violets from the Teotihuacán pyramid region. Sample stones were tested for color fastness and resistance to oxidation at the university's laboratory. In all, 20 truckloads, some 3,600 cubic feet, of rock were brought to the doorstep of the big studio, where six workmen spent seven months breaking up the rock by hand to the right sizes.

The entire project will have taken somewhat more than a year when it is finished this spring. Then O'Gorman will spend some three months swinging by rope and free scaffolding across the vast surface making the final corrections. The entire cost, including materials, labor, and the artist's commission, is \$58,000, less than that of plain native marble for the same surface.

Like Cellini or Da Vinci, Juan O'Gorman has had to be a little of everything, artist, visionary, archi-

tect, steeplejack, organizer, and inventor. In spite of his Irish name, he was born (in 1905) in Coyoacan, a colorful village scarcely a stone's throw from his ten-story mural. His father, Cecil Crawford O'Gorman, was a mining engineer from Dublin and his mother was Mexican.

The O'Gormans lived for some years in the historic colonial mining city of Guanajuato, then returned to Mexico City during the Revolution. Juan tried medical school for a year, and then his interest in the arts led him to the national university's architectural school. To earn spare money during those student days, he painted murals in the lower-class bars. This work gave him an insight into the workers and poor of Mexico, especially their sense of color.

Though many of O'Gorman's paintings have been gobbled up by wealthy private collectors throughout the world, a number of his valuable works belong to the poor of Mexico. Every so often he trades a canvas with some impoverished bar-mural painter.

His penchant for thinking up involved ways of doing favors for others is incredible. One day I visited his studio to photograph the full-scale mural sketches. The drawings had been outlined in blue tempera, difficult to photograph without a special filter. I had none, so he resketched the entire mural panel in red tempera.

My Television Magnificat

*The meaning of prayer in
one act*

By RUTH HUSSEY

Condensed from *Guideposts**

RECENTLY a friend came to me in an hour of deep need. She was seeking something to lift her above her sorrow and give her hope.

"Ruth," she said, "I know you have faith, but what do you *get* out of your religion?"

"Well," I said slowly, "I get a sense of purpose, a sense of place in the universe and among my fellow men."

She nodded, but there wasn't any answering light. Suddenly I wondered if I were offering "cold truth." Why was I holding back, reticent to speak of the warmth and experience that had been so close to me? Was I afraid of being misunderstood, misinterpreted? If I loved my friend enough, why not explain to her how I "got" the feeling, even at the risk of sounding corny.

Then I told her, "Joanne, I get comfort, support, inspiration."

Her face lighted up. "Those are

the things I want. But are you sure?"

I told her a story I have always hesitated to tell: my experience at "playing" the Virgin Mary on the Family Theater for television. When Father Patrick Peyton called to suggest it, I was stunned. The idea of acting the blessed Mother seemed presumptuous.

I agreed to do it, but frankly I was scared and felt inadequate for the job. And there was even a line in the script that I could never say. I didn't understand why.

It is my practice to commit my lines to memory by rote and, when letter perfect, to work out my concept of the character in detail. In this case, once I had mastered the words, I simply could not bring myself to offer my personal interpretation to 20 million viewers. In my secret heart I had never been able to understand how Mary could say in her humility: "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

*Pawling, N. Y. April, 1953. Copyright, 1953, by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

As I waited in the wings, to do my first performance on Thanksgiving day, I felt that I had never been so poorly prepared. I knew only the words and, unless the inspiration came, I didn't know what would happen. Over and over I prayed, "Be Thou my guide. Help me to forget myself."

It was hard to explain what happened then. I moved through the part on "feeling," on impulse rather than reason. I wasn't conscious of speaking words or lines, but instead I concentrated on the impact, the spirit behind them.

The time came to say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," and the way the words came out was a kind of singing wonder. I had never thought of those words that way

before, but now I knew what the Virgin Mary meant! It was the purpose of a whole life.

I've since learned to offer little prayers many times throughout the day, for many things, big and small. Many of my prayers are like a well-used phrase that keeps a truth before me, a reminder of His presence. Most often when I pray for something it is for help, and I don't always know just what I mean by help. So I pray for direction, for what I am supposed to do; for the wisdom to be a good mother and wife.

Before I go on the stage or before the cameras, I always pray—not to be the best, or a great success, but that I shall remember what I have learned.



Words That Move . . .

A YOUNG COUPLE was scheduled to be married after the early Mass one day. But when the priest turned around to the congregation and asked, "Will those who wish to be married please step forward?" he said the wrong thing. After some commotion among the faithful, there arrived at the altar rail 15 girls and one man.

Katholieke Vizier (Nov. '52).



. . . and Words That Don't

*S*IX YOUNG HOUSEWIVES in a certain apartment building fell into a dispute which wound up in court. When the case was called they all made a rush for the bench and broke into bitter complaints at the same moment. The judge was momentarily stunned, and then rapped for order. When quiet had been restored, he said calmly, "Now, I'll hear the oldest woman first." That closed the case.

Man's Shop.



To a little girl like Kathleen Jantonio of Cleveland, First Communion day has the same importance her wedding day will have later.

First Communion Day

While they wait for a procession to form, small boys and girls like to whisper.





Kathleen kneels a bit longer than usual the night before the big day.

She smothers a 6 a.m. yawn as mother combs her hair.

In church, Kathleen waits for the holy moment to arrive.

Black Star photos by Peter Hastings

After Mass, she tells her friends all about it.



Famine and the Five-Year Plan

Human misery and 5 million corpses came second to new machinery, according to one who saw Russians die

By WILLIAM RESWICK

Condensed from "I Dreamt Revolution"*

Russia, 1931: the cloud of approaching famine was clearly visible on the horizon, yet the Soviet government did nothing. Word leaked to the outside world of Soviet-made tractors falling apart after a few weeks' work, vast areas of good land covered with weeds, and widespread fatigue and sickness among the peasants.

The Russian crop of 1932 was the poorest in history, with only 69 million tons of grain produced as against 96 million in 1913. To make things worse, one-fourth of the shrunken crop never reached the granaries. That portion was wasted by collective mismanagement and "theft" by the starving farmers.

As late as the fall of 1932 there was still time to avert or at least lessen disaster. Yet Stalin did not lift a finger. He could have halted the export of grain, cut down the import of machinery, and even bought grain abroad. Instead, he increased grain exports and kept the famine a state-guarded secret from the outside world.

The only hint the rest of the world had of the approaching calamity in Russia was a new and violent spurt of terror. Peasants were shot for "neglect in the fields," for "failure to harvest in time," for "poor weeding," and for similar "crimes against the state."

While all this carnage went on, hymns of praise were sung to the



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328 pp. \$3.95.

dictator. Every article, editorial, essay, and speech began and ended with the name of Stalin. He was the "beloved," the "genial," the "warmhearted," the "father of his people."

At this time, I was Associated Press chief in Moscow. I wondered how Stalin could stand all this sickening flattery. After all, he always appeared in public as the very embodiment of modesty. Even when the praises of the Russian newspapers and magazines were at their height, Stalin continued to affect an extreme simplicity in dress and manner.

"Is it all histrionics?" I asked my good friend Serebriakov, a predecessor of Stalin as secretary of the party.

"No," he answered, "Stalin is too crafty to be deceived by flattery. With him, everything is a means to an end. All this star-and-sun business is meat for the young, whose imaginations can be fired with fables about great men. It is part of the psychological buildup for the looming famine. It is merely an advance alibi for a colossal crime in the making."

Ever since the beginning of winter there had been almost unbelievable rumors about widespread death from starvation. The rumors became persistent by October. By November there was no longer any doubt that a major catastrophe had struck. Moscow was crowded by then with famished and ragged

20 Years Later

SOVIET pressure tactics to collectivize the once-prosperous east European farm belt may result next fall in a disastrous harvest, followed by famine in 1954. Experts believe the entire area controlled by the communists is heading for the most critical period since the Soviets took over. Ever since the traditional methods of individual farming gave way to a collectivized system, farm economy has been declining. The pattern has been persuasion, then threats, and finally force.

INS dispatch from Munich (2 Mar. '53).

peasants fleeing their farms in a mad rush to escape death.

In daylight they wandered around the city in groups, pleading for bread. At night they sought shelter in the cold railway stations, in the now-empty stalls of the markets, in doorways, and on apartment-house stairs. When visiting my friends, I had literally to pick my way over inert bodies. Yet even in those terrible days, the new privileged classes continued to indulge in lavish, all-night debauches.

One night after the ballet, a dancer I knew, who was always eager to show me Soviet life in the raw, took me to a party given by a powerful member of the government. Instead of taking the elevator, we walked up the stairs. On

the way up to the 5th floor, we counted more than 50 men, women, and waifs. For once, the secret police did not interfere. Even they seemed to be awed by the terrible plight of the homeless.

All winter long, hungry peasants haunted the capital, begging their bread. They harrowed us with tales of the children and the old people they had been forced to leave behind in villages totally devoid of food. They told us that in early fall, the local officials had assured them that relief was on its way to famine-stricken areas.

They had relied on the promises and eagerly awaited the help that never came. When the last hope was gone, panic began to spread. Those who had the strength ran to the nearest railway stations. They left behind the sick, the old, the children. Many of them hoped to return with food, but they soon realized it was to be a one-way journey. There was no food in the provincial towns either, and they had to push on to the big cities.

Early in January the flow of refugees from the country suddenly stopped completely. As if by signal, the press stopped singing hymns to Stalin's greatness. Together with terrible cold and heavy snow, there descended over the Kremlin a ghastly, silent calm. New Year's day passed in grim quiet. In this, the 5th year of the first Five-Year plan, nobody celebrated.

In the first week of January,

Non-Marxist Pigs

THE MANAGER of a pig farm in Poland ordered the sty painted with a chemical which was supposed to prevent disease and increase fertility. He was taught this method at a special communist course through which he became a pig-sty master.

The sty was painted. The pigs were run into it, and the master ordered all apertures sealed. The next morning all the pigs were dead.

The master accused American saboteurs of poisoning the pigs. He retained his job because he was schooled in Marxism and Leninism and had taken a course in animal husbandry.

Smuggled letter from Poland quoted in
INS dispatch from Munich (2 Mar.
'53).

1933, a great snowstorm swept the Ukraine. When the wind died down, thousands of communities lay buried under the snow. The blizzard was merciful in a way, for it brought quick death to countless peasants dying of hunger without the faintest hope of relief.

Moscow was deep in silent mourning. Everywhere people bared their heads and wept as they listened to the eyewitness reports of travelers arriving from the provinces. They told of whole villages turned into cemeteries with nobody to bury the dead. The first

estimates of casualties mounted rapidly. First it was thousands, then hundreds of thousands, then millions. The estimate ended up at 5 million.

In March I happened to run into Vitya, a friend who was a staff writer for *Pravda*. He had the look of a man reeling from a heavy blow. I asked if anything was the matter. Without a word he pulled from his pocket a crumpled letter.

"Read that," he said. "It's from my father." The letter read:

"My beloved son: This is to let you know that your mother is dead. She died from starvation after months of pain. I, too, am on the way, like many others in this town. Occasionally we manage to

snatch some crumbs, but not enough to keep us alive much longer. Your mother's last wish was that you, her son, say a prayer for her. I, too, hope and pray that you may forget your atheism now that the godless have brought down heaven's wrath on Russia. Would it be too much to hope for a letter from you? That would make it easier to die."

I looked at my friend. Tears welled in his eyes. He wept like a child. I could not bring a single word of solace to my lips.

"Well," he said, "it's time to go to the office and write another editorial denouncing the capitalist press for spreading lies about our nonexistent famine. It's that or suicide."



Presidential Stretch

WHEN William Howard Taft was president, he went to a Washington Senators' baseball game. In the seventh inning the President stood up to get the kinks out of his back. Thinking he was leaving, the crowd stood up for the President. When Taft sat down, the crowd sat down.

That's how the seventh-inning stretch started.

Helen Mull.



Baseball Find

A YOUNGSTER who really knows what to do with a baseball has been discovered deep in the Bolivian jungle by a Boston missionary. The "find" is eight-year-old Guillermo, who borrowed a baseball from Father Smith to warm up. He was soon back asking for another.

"But what did you do with the one I gave you?" Father asked.

"Here it is," said Guillermo. "Mom said it was too hard to kick, so she peeled off the skin, unraveled the wool, and made me this vest. Mom wants another baseball because my sister is crying for a warmup, too."

Lester Kroope.

Here's your chance to lease or buy up to five acres from Uncle Sam for little more than a song

Land for the Asking

By MARION CLAWSON

Condensed from *Lifetime Living**

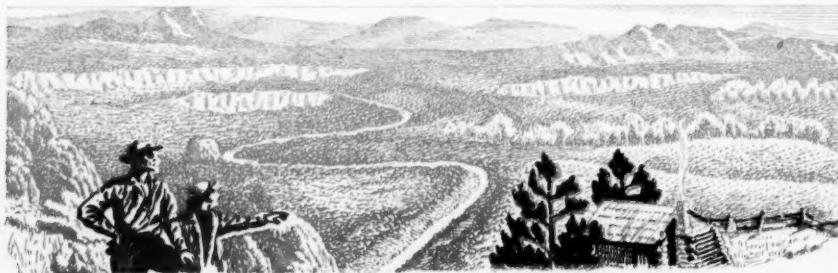
VERY LITTLE publicity has been given the Small Tracts act, but news of a good thing has a way of getting around. At the Bureau of Land Management, of which I am director, we are now receiving more than 10,000 inquiries a month.

It's true all right: the government is renting out small tracts of land. And there's lots of it left, hundreds of thousands of acres of it. There are desert tracts, hilly terrain, wooded stretches along trout streams, scenic vacation sites. The land is in 24 states, most of them in the South, Northwest, Southwest, and California. You can lease up to five acres from the government for only \$5 a year. Tracts which are classified for sale can be purchased at the valuation of the unimproved land.

Sounds like a bonanza? Grounds for a modern land rush? Perhaps. The land is certainly available. Besides the very low rental rate or the reasonable cost if it's classified for sale, the only other investment is the time, patience, and energy it will take you to develop your property.

Originally three fourths of the land in the U.S. was owned by the federal government. Most of this has passed over to private ownership through such means as homesteads and land grants. But when all the homesteads and grants had been staked out, there were pockets of publicly owned land remaining.

In some cases they were areas too small to be homesteaded. Or they were unclaimed because the land was not suitable for farming or grazing. Today there are still more



*27 E. 39th St., New York City 16, January, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Lifetime Living, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

than 800 million acres of public land in the U. S. and Alaska. Only a fraction of this is available for small tracts. Much of it is withdrawn as national parks or national forests or is in organized management areas.

The Small Tracts act, as adopted in 1938, provides specifically that public lands in parcels of up to five acres may be classified for recreation, camp, cabin, health, convalescence or even, under certain circumstances, small business.

Land is still available in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, the Dakotas, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

Just how does the act work out in practice? In the late 1940's, Oliver W. Bailey, a structural engineer who lives in Silver Spring, Md., and his wife began to plan for a vacation site in Florida. They queried the regional administrator, Bureau of Land Management, Washington, D. C., the office which supervises tracts in the Southeastern area. The Baileys desired acreage along the northern section of the Gulf of Mexico, and they learned that tracts were available in the Lake Powell area, Bay county.

They visited the section and found a 1½-acre plot which, they decided, would be ideal for their purposes. After determining its le-

gal description by township, range, section, and subdivision, they obtained a lease with option to buy the land for \$50. They filed the lease, paying the required \$10 filing fee. Rental under the lease cost \$5 a year.

In 1950, the Baileys built a three-room house on the land at a cost of \$1,750. The same house, Mr. Bailey notes, would probably cost about \$2,750 to build today. Its over-all measurements are 16 by 24 feet, with a 9-by-11-foot porch. A 24-foot well was drilled at a cost of \$45. Much of the building was done by the Baileys themselves, and, they say, they went swimming every night while working on the place.

When the house was built, an improvement specified in the lease, the Baileys applied for purchase of the land, and on March 30, 1951, they received patent for the 1½ acres.

In October, 1950, Arthur W. Skidgel, who is married and has two school-aged children, leased a tract in Deschutes county, Oregon. After meeting the improvement requirements of the lease by building a \$700 house, he has applied to purchase the tract. He is now building a five-room modern home and a garage. Materials will cost about \$2,500; there is no labor cost since he is doing the building himself.

Or take the case of Andrew D. Capehart, who has a desk job in

Glendale, Calif. On week ends he and his family speed out to a small cactus plot right in the middle of the desert. Retreat, as the Capeharts call their house, is in no way primitive. It has become their second home, and when Mr. Capehart retires it will be their permanent one.

Near by, in Apple valley, is a whole community of small-tract holders. These jack-rabbit homesteaders bought government land and then grouped together to form a nonprofit corporation. They brought in electricity and water, and built roads and a swimming pool. The average value of their homes is \$5,000.

The majority of the people who claim their share of public land are not wealthy. But they have a basic desire for privacy, sunshine, and the great outdoors. They are the 20th-century version of the land-hungry people who first came to this country; the Small Tracts act is the 20th century's answer to this hunger.

For information about the land and details on the Small Tracts act, write to me: Marion Clawson, director, Bureau of Land Management, Washington 25, D. C. Tell me what part of the country you are interested in. I will send you a leaflet, *Facts on Small Tracts*, and a circular of regulations.

Incarceration Insurance

WILHELM PIECK and Otto Grotewohl, the two East German communist leaders, recently made a tour of inspection of government institutions in the Soviet zone. They arrived at one of the big prisons for political offenders, and had a long talk with the governor, who said that conditions were very unsatisfactory because money was so short. Pieck pulled out his checkbook and wrote out a check for 200,000 marks. He gave it to the governor and told him to use the money to improve the prisoners' lot.

Later in the day, the two Reds visited a kindergarten in the same town. The head of the school complained that shortage of funds was responsible for the poor conditions existing in the school. Again Pieck pulled out checkbook and pen and gave the principal a check, this time only 20 marks.

"How come," asked Grotewohl, "you give so much for the prison and so little for the school?"

"Well, Otto," Pieck replied, "I've got to think of my future. Or do you think I'll ever become a child again?"

Leonard J. Schweitzer in *The Sign* (March '53).

Lessons of Sorrow

*Tragedies have meanings that can
be learned—and taught to others*

By JOE E. BROWN as told to KATE HOLLIDAY

Condensed from *Better Homes and Gardens**

MY SON died soon after the U. S. went into the 2nd World War. Although Don's plane crashed in the California desert, he was as much a casualty of that war as if he had died in aerial combat. It is now more than ten years since I lost him, and I have learned what can be learned from sorrow.

My loss was made more horrible by the fact that it was planned deliberately. Don was handsome, blond, strong, with a quick mind and a flair for leadership. He had been ROTC cadet colonel at UCLA. He played football, not brilliantly, but he had played, and had learned how to work well with other people. He was a careful pilot, for he was keenly aware of his responsibility toward his plane. As a captain in the Air Transport Command, he knew how badly we needed planes in 1942.

A few minutes out of Palm Springs, both propellers on Don's plane suddenly stopped turning. He tried to glide to a landing. Don seemed to be making it until a

little ravine tripped up his landing gear, and he crashed. He managed to get out and run a little way from the ship. As it happened, there was a train near by going in the same direction, and two of the passengers saw everything.

A woman living near by found Don collapsed and dying. She later told me that his one thought was that he had cracked up a desperately needed airplane. Then he died. Air Force investigators found that someone had deliberately filed the main wires of the ignition system to make them part after takeoff.

I was in Detroit at the time, playing in *The Showoff*. A few hours after the crash, I received a long-distance phone call telling me the news. It was impossible, of course. I would not believe it. For a couple of days, I was in rebellion. "There is no God," I even told myself.

Then, as my fog began to lift, something came to me which I have never forgotten. I seemed to feel God's hand on my shoulder.

*1714 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa. November, 1952. Copyright 1952 by the Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

I had had a good life: a fine and loving wife, two sons and two daughters, a measure of success. But I had not fully realized how lucky I had been, nor had I given thanks enough for all that luck. Perhaps Don's death was God's way of setting me on a new path.

At the airport in Detroit, as I was on my way back from the funeral, I suddenly noticed some kids in uniform, wearing the familiar shoulder patch of Don's outfit. By coincidence, they turned out to be ten of Don's buddies, on their way back to their West Coast base.

We talked, mostly about Don. And then I made a great discovery; when you have lost your own boy, all other lads become your sons. I did not know it then, but that thought was to carry me into every theater of the war.

There are a lot of things I learned from Don's death. It is human, of course, to want sympathy in time of sorrow. But it is the height of selfishness to ask others to share your grief with you. Actually, the load is lighter when you smile.

If you have lost a loved one, don't bring up the subject of your grief yourself. If someone else does, try to talk naturally about what has occurred. Don't parade or dramatize your loss. Nearly everybody has passed through what you are experiencing, and lived through it.

There are many people who cry, "What is there left to live for

now?" Their feeling may be so intense that they honestly believe that the future holds nothing for them. This is just another way of parading grief. There are always others for whom we can live, the living as well as the dead.

There is always the danger that the one who died will receive a sort of canonization at the expense of the loved ones who are left. That was true of Don. I found myself thinking so much of him I often slighted my younger son, Joe. He loved his brother enough to understand. But when I saw what I was doing, I changed fast. For that sort of thing can suffocate the one who is left behind.

After a loss, get back to normal living as soon as possible. That doesn't mean you must blank out of your mind the person who is no longer there. That, too, is a flight from reality. You must recognize it, face up to it, accept it. It *has* happened, unbelievable as it may seem. You can do nothing to change the hard fact. The sooner you absorb that thought, the sooner you can attain peace of mind.

Facing up to things, I have come to feel that if God allows them, they must be right. I believe in the ultimate wisdom of God. He does not intend such things to go for nothing. Our responsibility to the dead is very real: it is to carry on as best we can the work that was left unfinished at parting.

As all men hope to be remem-

bered, it is up to the living to create memorials in their names. By this I mean the dedication of your future accomplishment to the memory of someone you have lost, to make his going result in something good. You may write books. You may work for some organization which benefits mankind. You may pledge yourself to the welfare of just one person who needs assistance, or you may try to benefit thousands. But the point is the same: to do your job a little better, to do something for someone besides yourself.

During the war and since, I have tried to do this for my Don. To me his memorial could not be a bronze statue in a park somewhere. Instead, it was whatever service I could do for those in uniform who were still alive, fighting as he fought. That was why I made tours to the war theaters, trying to bring laughter to kids who had little to laugh about. It was for Don. There were times—doing a show in a jungle, or walk-

ing through hospital wards—when I thought that he must know what I was doing, and that it was for him. I wanted to make him as proud of me as I was of him.

Since the war, it has been suggested often that colleges and cities erect monuments to our war dead. I think it would be much better to have memorials which would help some cause in the present and future: a foundation for research, a scholarship for some youngster who needs an education, a clinic, a housing project.

When I die, I hope my family does not go about mooning for me. I hope that they will remember me, yes, not only with affection, but sanely and calmly. I hope that their grief will be in their hearts, and not on their sleeves. I hope that whatever they choose to mark the fact that I have lived, it will be active and vital and beneficial. And I hope that through my death they will rediscover the closeness and wisdom of God, as I did through my son's death.

Malenkov Makes No Never Mind

Two Russian communists were discussing the death of Stalin. "Now I have two reasons to get away," said one.

"That's odd," said the other. "You've a good position, a car, money. . . ."

"Yes, but with Malenkov in power there'll be big changes—and I, for one, will be strung from a lamppost."

"Oh, don't worry. Nothing is going to change. Everything is going to continue as it is!"

"Well, that's my second reason for wanting to get away."

Alexander Janta in *Partners*.

The Indomitable

*Polio struck him in his prime,
but even his enemies respected
him for the way he licked it*

By TURNLEY WALKER

Condensed from
*"Roosevelt and the Warm Springs Story"**



THE MAN was 39 years old. He was rich; he was famous. He had been nominated as Democratic candidate for vice-president of the U.S., and though his party's ticket had been defeated, he had a promising career in politics before him.

But in August, 1921, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was stricken with infantile paralysis. Within a dozen hours, every muscle from his waistline to his toes was paralyzed. No doctor could help him.

He fought. By autumn, braced from his heels to his buttocks, with the aid of crutches and a strong man on either side, he could drag himself inch by inch across the floor like a broken-backed animal. Late winter, spring, then summer passed in grinding, helpless effort.

His wife and mother argued intensely. His mother urged an invalid's life which family wealth might make pleasant in some ways. His wife felt strongly that he should continue his active political career.

He listened to them both, but his own attitude remained experimental. First, he must stand and walk. No political leader in history had been unable to do these things.

Brisk October weather filled New York, and Roosevelt decided to include in his experiments a trip to his office. His braces were strapped on, and he was carried downstairs. After breakfast, he dragged himself, with his chauffeur's assistance, to his car.

The sidewalks were crowded when the chauffeur rolled the car in close against the curb at 120 Broadway and came around to help Roosevelt to his legs. One of the braced legs caught at the corner of the jump seat. Roosevelt tugged and twisted. Finally, he had to shove himself back and start again. A car behind honked impatiently.

Once more, lodged upright on the jump seat, Roosevelt clutched the partition and the side of the door for balance, while the chauffeur tugged the legs out straight,

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locking the braces at the knees. The honking had grown more insistent. The chauffeur went to speak to the other driver, leaving the braced legs thrust out in midair. Several pedestrians stopped to stare. Roosevelt released one supporting hand to scratch his nose, lost his balance, and nearly pitched to the pavement.

The chauffeur came back and helped Roosevelt's massive body to an upright position on the sidewalk. Roosevelt's hand slipped and he thudded back against the car, jolting his hat from his head. The spectators had become a crowd. He stood bareheaded, very tall, clutching the side of the door, but the chauffeur dared not leave him to retrieve the hat. Then a man moved carefully out of the crowd, picked up the hat, and brought it forward. The chauffeur, who held the long wooden crutches with one hand and supported his employer with the other, asked the man to put the hat back on Roosevelt's head.

This the man did, reaching very high. The hat had been crushed into an awkward shape and was now slightly askew. The chauffeur very carefully placed one crutch at Roosevelt's armpit and guided the big, trembling hand to the grip. The procedure was repeated on the other side, and then Roosevelt abandoned the support of the door, swayed dangerously, and found his balance on the crutches. He held his face and head down. The rigid

feet inched forward on the concrete sidewalk.

Roosevelt passed through the open doorway and reached the polished floor of the marble lobby, starting slowly down the long distance to the elevator. The gleaming floor caused each crutch tip to slip just a little as the weight came on it. Roosevelt tugged and hauled with enormous care. Already he was soaked with perspiration. The chauffeur on his left, his weaker side, shoved his foot against the crutch tip as it slammed down, so that it would not slip too far. Each time the tip pressed harder.

THEN the chauffeur placed his foot faultily. Roosevelt's weight and desperate strength, ramming down the long arm of the crutch, shoved the foot aside, gradually at first, then with sickening swiftness. Again Roosevelt toppled. The chauffeur grabbed at the heavy shoulders, but the body tore itself away, and Roosevelt crashed down full length.

The spectators moved in, then drew back. Roosevelt writhed toward a sitting position, the chauffeur clutching at him helplessly. Twice the chauffeur tried, but could not get him on his legs again. Roosevelt called a halt. He looked up and around at the people watching him. He made a hailing gesture. It was almost gay.

"There's nothing to worry about," he told them in a voice that was pleasant and strong and had a ring

in it. "We'll get out of this all right. Give me a hand." He made a good-humored snatch at a heavy-set young man near by.

"Get under my arm here. That's right. Now, you over there, take hold. Work together. All right now, all together!"

They got him up. The chauffeur set his hat carefully back on his head. His arms straining on the crutches and legs braced out wide for support gave his upper body a twisted sag, a frightfully crippled look. Yet he stood tall above the watching crowd of people, and about his lifted head there was a dominating confidence.

"Let's go," he said.

The spectators broke away before the terrible slowness of his progress, continuing to watch. He slammed down the crutch tips. The chauffeur's foot on the left side did not miss. They made their way down the long avenue of polished marble.

IN 1924, Roosevelt learned about Warm Springs, Georgia. He bought the resort in 1926 after he discovered that exercising in the pools there restored some life to his legs. He set up a nonprofit hydrotherapeutic center for the treatment of other polio victims.

When he was alone in his Warm Springs cottage, he practiced getting out of armchairs and onto his crutches by himself. It was a difficult and hazardous maneuver, and several times he tumbled backward.

He had several ideas about techniques of movement and standing which would be practical for public appearances. One was that of standing with his back pressed lightly against a wall, without a forward support of any kind except the braces. In that position, he knew he would be able to talk easily, greet people, be photographed without presenting the spectacle for sympathy which he loathed.

Day by day he struggled toward achieving this one feat. Hitching himself around slowly on his crutches, he would get his back against the wall, and then balance there, with the crutches thrust out firmly. Sweating with fear, he set one crutch away. The first time he did this, his body twisted slowly, with that awful helplessness, toward the unsupported side, and he crashed to the floor. He pushed his crutches ahead of him and crawled back to the chair, heaved himself up in it, and began the maneuver over again.

One afternoon his neighbor and friend Leighton MacPherson stepped up on the porch and called, "Anybody home?"

"In here, Leighton, here," came a tense, strange-sounding invitation.

Suddenly fearful, MacPherson opened the screen door and stepped quickly inside.

"Leighton, look at me!"

It was a shout of triumph. MacPherson saw the big man rigid

against the wall, hands out from his sides and free of crutches, massive head and shoulders up, and caught in a tight attitude of precarious balance.

"Look at me, Leighton, I'm standing alone!"

Roosevelt worked at the thoughtful, patient business of politics, taking advice, making suggestions, always making final decisions himself, forming temporary judgments based on the gradual surges of the national temper. And he worked unceasingly to gain greater control of his legs.

He never missed a session at the pool or on the new strip of concrete where all the patients practiced their walking. Then, after dinner in the cottage, the furniture was shoved back; his therapist, Helen Mahoney, appeared; and they practiced with the crutches and canes. Several times he tried the right leg without the brace, and it functioned as he had hoped, though the brace was still needed for safety in public.

On one of those evenings a great idea came to him. "With my hand on a man's arm, and one cane, I'm sure. Let's try it!"

His 18-year-old son Elliott joined the practice sessions in the cottage. First Roosevelt would get over to the wall and balance there with his cane. It was an ordinary cane, but he held it in a special way, with his index finger extended down along the rod from the handle.

"Now, Elliott, you get on the

left, my weak side." Elliott watchfully took his place and Miss Mahoney came forward to show him how to hold his right arm against his middle at the proper angle and lock it there with a clenching of his biceps.

"Remember that a polio needs more than a finger tip of guidance. He needs an iron bar," said Helen. "Make a habit of holding that arm there. Never forget the job it's got to do."

"Let's go," said Roosevelt, and he reached out to find the proper grip. Elliott had never felt his father's hand touch him in that way. He had been grabbed and hugged, and even tossed and caught with wild energy when he was younger. But now the fingers sought their grip with a kind of ruthless desperation. Glancing up, it seemed to him that he saw a distant apology in his father's smiling eyes. The pressure became stronger than he had expected as his father pressed down to hitch one braced leg forward for the first step.

"You must go right with him," said Helen sternly. "Watch his feet. Match your stride with his."

Elliott stared down as the rigid feet swung out slowly. Through the pressing hand he could feel the slow, clenching effort of his father's powerful body.

"Don't look at me, son. Keep your head up, smiling, watching the eyes of people. Keep them from noticing what we're doing."

The cane went out, the good leg swung, the pressure came, the weak leg hitched up into its arc, and then fell stiffly into the proper place against the floor. Elliott carefully coordinated his own legs, and the two men moved across the room.

Roosevelt set his hips against the far wall and told Elliott to rest his arm. "We'll do beautifully," he said.

They went across the room and back. It was becoming easier.

"As soon as you feel confident, son, look up and around at people, the way you would do if I weren't crippled."

"But don't forget," Helen warned, "if he loses his balance, he'll crash down like a tree."

"Don't scare us," said Roosevelt.

Across the room they went, and back, and across again. The cane, the swing, the pressure, the swing. Elliott found that he could look up now and then as they advanced. He caught his father's eyes, the broad, slightly rigid smile. They worked for nearly an hour; then Miss Mahoney showed Elliott how to balance his father down into an armchair gracefully. Only then did he notice that his father was perspiring heavily.

IN 1928, Al Smith demanded that Roosevelt run for governor of New York, even though Roosevelt said he wanted two more years to work on his legs. Newspapers were full of doubtful remarks about the crip-

ple trying to run for public office.

Roosevelt was mad. "I'll go more places and make more speeches than any man who ever ran for office in this state," he said. And he did.

He got into an automobile and led a cavalcade. Arriving at a place, he would reach his powerful hands forward and catch the reinforced rail set into the back of the front seat and pull himself upright. He would come up smiling, and, clamping one hand on the rail for balance, would wave with the other and toss his head and turn a buoyant smile into spotlight, rain or sunshine.

He tried to have someone beside him who had practiced the cane-and-arm trick, but he was not always that lucky. The county chairmen and their friends didn't understand, and they sometimes swarmed on him with too much assistance. Or they would step back to give him none at all, as he grappled desperately for his cane or hat, with an arm that he could only halfway trust.

Opposition newspapers stopped printing stories of his incapacities and began to concentrate on defeating him as a whole man. Even the most grudging reporters were in some degree touched by his happy, careless courage, and their notes said nothing of the times he fell backward against the car. Their cameras focussed on his shoulders and face, never seeking to prod

downward to the rigid braces. Thus spontaneously began the sportsmanship which was to continue through the rest of his life.

One night Roosevelt's supporters took him to a hall in Brooklyn. They could not get him in at the main entrance, where the crowds were pushing. A quick reconnaissance in the rear revealed only a fire escape which pitched steeply up one wall. They got him there, only to discover that the metal staircase was too narrow to permit men to carry him.

He was helped out of the car and then stalked carefully to the stairs. He handed the nearest man his cane. He caught the rusty railing with his right hand and shook it. He found it firm. He placed the palm of his left hand against the wall, swung up his stronger leg, and lifted. He made the first step and turned with a grin.

"There's nothing to it when you know how," he said.

One hand on the rail, the other on the wall, he lifted himself step by step. Sweat trickled down his face, making little splashes on his collar. He lifted, caught his balance, lifted. His daughter Anna watched him from the crowd below, and then began cautiously to climb after him, the others following. She saw the big hand scrape and nearly slip away against the brick, the heavy totter of the monumental effort.

Several times he had to halt to

rest, and each time he turned back to them as well as he could, with pleasant, reassuring comment. At the top he managed to get just inside the building, and there the others rushed in to support him, feeling then the trembling of his body. He was gasping for breath. His shirt was soaked with sweat. He leaned against the wall as Anna wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Tell the chairman to get on with his introduction," he said, his breathing under control again.

The chairman spoke, and the applause came up. Roosevelt cocked his ear, gauging it intently. He flexed his left hand, where the palm and inner fingers had been scraped raw by the brick. He adjusted his cane, caught the arm of his helper, and began the steady swinging toward his objective.

As he came out onto the open stage and the lights struck him, his head came up exuberantly, and the crowd was on its feet and cheering. He tossed his head, throwing his smile out to them with energy. They did not think to notice the slow, unsteady pendulums of his rigid legs. He got his raw left hand on the edge of the speaker's stand and handed off his cane. One quick hitch of his legs, and he was in position. "My good neighbors of Brooklyn . . ."

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT won the election for governor, and went on to

the presidency in 1932. On June 27, 1936, when he moved out onto the platform in Philadelphia to accept his party's nomination for a second time, he was walking somewhat more heavily. The frail muscles in the buttocks and higher in the hips, which he had labored so hard to activate, had retrograded. But so well had he mastered the technique of carrying himself that those around him noticed no loss.

The power of his arms and upper body was perhaps at its peak. He came across the platform, Jimmy beside him, the cane ramming expertly down, the old knowing crowd of friends around him as a shield, his speech clutched in the hand which also held his son's arm.

The actor's manner, the head tossing, and the quick gestures toward the vast audience, had never been more deft. And then, edging forward in the crowd, came the dignified figure of the old poet, Edwin Markham, white beard quivering with excitement, his hand outstretched toward the President. Roosevelt balanced himself precariously to grasp the extended hand, but at the last moment Markham's agitated fingers gripped and pulled a little. The big torso wheeled slowly toward disaster. He strove to bank his weight against one brace, and then felt it give way. He toppled toward the floor.

Mike Reilly, a secret-service man, leaped forward and got his shoulder under the flailing arm and

then rammed it up tight. Roosevelt fought heavily to regain his balance. Gus Gennerick, another guard, scrambled down on all fours, snatched up the trouser leg and snapped fast the lock at the knee.

"Clean me up!" said Roosevelt tersely to the man beneath him; and then, at once, the big head was up, the smile flashing out, and it seemed to the audience, even to those close by, that there had been only an unimportant, momentary joggling in the procession.

The pages of the speech were quickly scooped from the floor, and Roosevelt stuffed them in disorder into a side pocket. Then he turned back to where the stricken Markham stood, lips trembling, pale, and the big hand came out to pick up the old man's and press it with a hearty, "It's grand to see you!"

He reached the lectern and spread out the pages of the speech. His quick eye caught the opening paragraph and he began at once as his one free hand shuffled for the pages' proper order. He had enlarged his talent for this kind of thing.

In 1944, he accepted the nomination for a 4th term. His supporters were worried. Dewey was young and vigorous. Roosevelt was growing old, lethargic. Even sitting tired him. But Roosevelt knew that old champions sometimes could win on skill and heart alone.

He tried to keep campaigning to

a minimum, giving himself four major speeches, each of which he could deliver effectively sitting.

In New York City, a 55-mile automobile trip was arranged so that the greatest number of people could see him. It was raining, but Roosevelt insisted on an open car when he saw the drenched but patiently waiting crowds.

The most antagonistic New York paper had stated that it was a well-known fact that he would never walk again. It was a tremendous effort, but Roosevelt quashed that rumor. At Ebbets field, the open car circled the field and then drove up a sturdy ramp to the high platform. Mike Reilly, his guard, rode with him.

"Ready, Mike?" asked Roosevelt.

They snapped his braces tight, and he came sliding forward. He used Reilly's strength to hoist himself up. Reilly was surprised at the surge of power in the big arms. "The old man's really perking up," he told himself. The damp crowd cheered, and on a reliable arm, the cane tip ramming down carefully on the wet surface of the platform, Roosevelt rocked slowly toward the speaker's desk. He reached it and gripped the edge, and his bare head came up into the rain. He lifted

one hand for a buoyant greeting, and the crowd sensed the exhilaration in his body. For 20 minutes he stood there, chatting with the people, even teasing them to the point of merriment. Then Reilly got him back to the car. He was soaked to the skin.

"We've got to dry you off, boss," Reilly said.

"Anything you say, Mike." The excitement surged in him now. He grinned, and joked about the wetness of the blanket on his legs. They drove swiftly out of the ball park and to the shelter of a near-by garage, where a complete change of clothing was made. He worked with them roughly on this, showing no more self-consciousness than a fighter in his dressing room. The car went out into the rain again. The journey proceeded as planned, and through the flanking crowds the comment ran, surprised and grateful, that he looked fine.

The ramp trick with the car was repeated, but the next time he remained seated, bringing 100,000 people as close as if they had sat with him around a single table, and the microphones rushed his words everywhere.

He won again. It was the last time.

SOONER or later every woman must make a choice between motherhood and a career. Should she give the cereal boxtop to Jimmy to send for a death-ray gun, or should she keep it herself and enter the \$10,000 contest?

Life Today (Oct.-Nov. '51).

The Town That Went to School

The high-school principal and his students taught the citizens a better way to live

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Condensed from *Redbook**

THE TURNING POINT for Pulaski, Wis., came when a stocky young man named Frank Joswick took the most thankless job a dying community had to offer, that of high-school principal. The school was in worse shape than the town. It was in debt, out of repair, and without adequate staff or equipment. Joswick didn't ask the town to rebuild the school. Instead, he set the school to the job of rebuilding the town.

In 12 years, Joswick's high-school youngsters have carried through projects which started a local home-building boom; brought in a new industry with a payroll of

\$500,000 a year; doubled the volume of retail trade; made the town a healthier, happier place to live in; and, most important of all, turned education into an exciting, real-life experience.

It started with a newspaper. The town's weekly had gone out of business during the early days of the depression. Joswick assigned the senior English students to put together a model weekly.

That was the beginning of the *Pulaski News*, an eight-page community weekly with a circulation of about 2,000. Most of the printing is done in the high-school print shop. English students handle the editorial and reporting side; com-



*230 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y., February, 1953. Copyright 1953 by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

mercial students keep the books and do the typing; and just about everybody solicits ads. The paper now clears about \$1,000 a year, which goes into the general fund. It allows the students to probe beneath the surface of village life. Then it gives them a springboard for getting their ideas for civic improvement across to the whole community.

Pulaski had depended on wells, cesspools, and privies. The townsfolk, fearing new taxes, had voted against water and sewage improvements in eight successive referendums. "How do you wish to pay for water?" the students asked. "In taxes or doctor bills?"

To clinch the argument, they took water samples from home wells and sent them to the University of Wisconsin for analysis. The bacteria count was far too high for peace of mind. Money for the new waterworks and sewage-disposal plant was voted six to one at the next election.

"Live and learn" pretty much sums up both Joswick's educational methods and the town's reaction to them. To increase enrollment and get community backing he had to make the high school mean something in terms of better living. The new principal put it up to the students: Why was their home town wasting away? What could be done?

The youngsters in Joswick's social-science class (which included

just about everybody in high school) started looking for the answers. A checkup on graduates and those who quit school after the legal age of 16 revealed that an average of 110 of the younger generation were leaving the area each year to seek jobs elsewhere. The students figured out that for everyone who left town, the taxpayers lost \$10,000 invested in his education. "Moreover," the students editorialized, "just remember you're saying good-by to a new home he'll never build here, a family he'll never raise here, a lifetime income he'll never spend in this community."

During the war the Pulaski area had 425 men in service. To each the students sent a questionnaire. "Do you intend to come back here to live? If not, why not?" Some 370 replied. Only a handful said they planned to come back permanently. One GI spoke for all the rest when he wrote back from Okinawa, "Why kid yourselves? We'll go where we can get jobs."

Two small food-processing plants employed 200 in the summer, only 25 in winter. Obviously the town needed a new industry to provide more jobs. With more and more village trade slipping away Pulaski merchants were more interested in hanging on to what was left than in taking chances on new businesses.

Joswick had been warned from the start that the town wanted no

"fancy notions" from its new high-school principal. "A shoemaker should stick to his last," they told him when he tried to explain rural industrialization.

But when the kids came home from school they were bursting with his ideas. In family discussions in many a farm home, Joswick's "fancy notions" made sense. Machines had drastically cut the demand for farm labor. A farmer with five or six grown children needed no more than one or two to help him work the land.

Back in town, businessmen began to realize that a good part of the wages paid out by new industry would find its way into their cash registers. Of course, everybody wanted to make room for returning servicemen. Impromptu meetings sprang up everywhere, in the taverns, drugstore, Legion hall, bowling alley, the lobby of the Tri-County hotel, and somehow Joswick was always on hand to answer questions.

"Looks like we sure enough got to have that new industry," they told him. "But what are we going to use for bait?"

The answer was Pulaski Industries, Inc., a community corporation which issued shares to raise \$35,000 for the sole purpose of building a plant for a new industry. Ads in the Chicago and Milwaukee papers had spurred the interest of two young businessmen who needed a site for a children's shoe factory.

With Joswick elected president and the high-school student body acting as sales staff, the shares sold quickly.

A month after it was formed, Pulaski Industries started building the plant on reclaimed swamp land. Since there was scarcely enough money to cover the cost of materials, the whole town pitched in. In six months the building was ready, and Northern Shoe Co. started production.

The project's bitterest opponent tried to start a rumor that Joswick was benefiting financially. The townspeople laughed in his face. Joswick had just mortgaged his car so that he could contribute his share of the capital. He paid off the debt the following summer by weighing beans in the canning factory.

New houses are going up on every block. Young couples don't build homes large enough for big families unless they're figuring on staying for quite a while. Here is another development that traces back to Joswick's high school. It was only eight years ago that his social-science students came up with this jolting discovery: not one new home had been built in Pulaski since they were born!

What they did about it was to design and build, entirely on their own, a modern, six-room house complete with plumbing, electricity, and oil burner. When the house was auctioned off, it was more fun

than the 4th of July. The high-school band in full uniform led the parade down Main St., and the football cheering section was there to encourage the bidders. Nearly every year since then, Pulaski has built an average of 30 new homes.

The town had no outdoor recreational facilities when Joswick became principal. So the high school cleaned up the old fairgrounds, put in football and baseball fields, and installed lighting facilities for night games.

Joswick's basic reason for plunging the high school into community affairs is to give the youngsters a series of "life experiences" which test the theories they learn from textbooks. Thus he prepares them to move out into the adult world. In this kind of apprenticeship for maturity, the classroom comprises the whole community. The student isn't asked merely to find and fit into a ready-made niche. He must carve out his own life role in free give-and-take with others.

Joswick expects no less of his teachers. "These boys and girls can't learn from you," he tells them, "unless you take the trouble to learn about them and their families and their community." Teachers not only visit their students' homes, but under Joswick's prodding they also turn up at weddings, church socials, Legion dances and even the cattle auctions.

"The farm is still our basic source of livelihood," says Joswick, "and

that's the way we like it." When he became principal, the high school offered only the standard academic subjects. For the girls, Joswick started a home-economics course to teach them how to keep house, manage family budgets, and even bring up children. For the boys, he started a course in scientific agriculture.

For agricultural experiments the high school rented a 40-acre tract where students were free to plant as they liked. The student farmers were allowed to pocket the money from their harvests. Farmers near Pulaski had no convenient way of testing their soil or their dairy herds. So Joswick's farm students set up one of the finest milk and soil-testing laboratories in the state. When farm students did their "homework" in the fields, it paid off in bigger yields, more income, and a better standard of living.

Hard-working farmers used to complain that in trying to make their children use their heads the schools made them reluctant to use their hands. Now, when farm kids come home they do have book learning aplenty. But they have something else, too: a metal stock feeder; an incubator or greenhouse made in shop class; tables, chairs and kitchen cabinets made in industrial arts; curtains, rugs, lamps, and pottery made in arts and crafts.

Soon their parents and neighbors started asking if they, too, couldn't go to school. For them, Joswick

opened up night courses. While the men gathered in the gymnasium to discuss farming and listen to experts brought in as guest speakers, their wives were busy in the home-economics department. One of the women's first projects was a fully equipped community canning center which every year conserves tons of food that would otherwise go to waste.

Out of the farm courses grew the demand for a machine and carpentry shop. "What's to prevent you from building your own?" Joswick asked his students. St. Mary's Catholic church was about to bring in a contractor to tear down one of its own buildings on Main St. But Joswick is on the committee for the building of a new St. Mary's parochial school. His students did the wrecking job in return for half the lumber, enough to build their shop.

Within a year the broken-down farm machinery that they had rebuilt and put back to use in the shop had more than repaid its cost. Then the school board cheerfully voted the money for a new plant complete with forges, welding equipment, bending jigs, cutting presses, and power lathes. Out of \$10,000 allotted for labor costs, Joswick returned \$8,000, with the compliments of students who did most of the work themselves.

For the most part the students are grandchildren of Polish families who saved enough, after a

lifetime of toil in the Pennsylvania coal mines, to move westward to Wisconsin and hack out small farms in what was then a swampy wilderness.

Steady hard work is still gospel among the people. Joswick, himself a Wisconsin farm boy of Polish extraction, gave them a high school that aroused their pioneering instincts.

Farm students, flocking in from beyond the three-mile radius of the Pulaski school district, have contributed \$52,000 a year in tuition fees paid by their counties.

Counting a new gymnasium, a new athletic stadium, and new books and equipment, Joswick has increased the value of the school's physical plant by more than a quarter of a million dollars. Yet the district's tax rate remains among the lowest in the state.

Some towns boast how much their high schools are costing them. Pulaski can (and does) boast how much its high school has produced for the community. Thanks largely to high-school projects, employment has increased from 200 summer jobs and 25 winter jobs to 550 summer jobs and 380 winter jobs. Bank deposits have risen from \$750,000 to nearly \$3½ million.

"It's not a boom, exactly," Joswick tells you. "It's more of a bloom."

And what is a bloom?

"Well, sir, that's a boom with roots in the ground."

*Excavations have revealed a city of the dead
and the tomb of the first Pope*

Under St. Peter's in Rome

By CANON WILLIAM HEMMICK of St. Peter's

Condensed from the *Marianist**

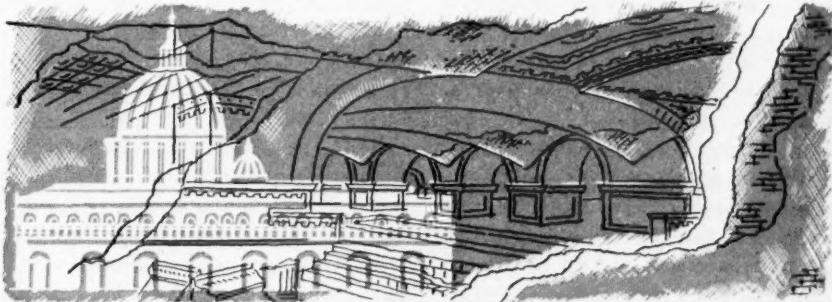
Most of the people who gaze in admiration at the magnificent façade of St. Peter's basilica have no idea of what lies beneath the gigantic structure before them. But surprise followed surprise in the course of recent excavations ordered by the Pope. The excavations brought to light a whole pagan cemetery underneath the foundations of the first church, built by the Emperor Constantine.

This great church was erected in the 4th century. It was built over the first modest Christian chapel which stood on the spot where St. Peter was buried after his martyrdom in Nero's circus. After his conversion to Christianity, Constantine decided to build a larger, grander church, something more

worthy of the Prince of the Apostles.

The task was difficult. The slope of the Vatican hill was a densely covered pagan burial ground, with funeral chambers of Roman families. They contained stone tombs and urns with ashes. The only way to solve the engineering problems was to dig deep foundations and fill in the chambers and streets of the cemetery. This was done, and gradually there arose the imposing structure of Constantine's basilica. This great church stood until the Renaissance.

Pope Julius II decided to replace this early structure of Constantine. The superb building which was then built stands today as the architectural marvel of the Renaissance. The dome that crowns the



*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. March, 1953. Copyright, 1953, and reprinted with permission.

summit proclaims to the world that here is the greatest Christian temple of the ages.

All the great artists of the time devoted their talents to its building: Raphael, San Gallo, Giulio Romano, Bramante, and the great Michelangelo. Plans were approved, the cornerstone laid; and 125 years later Pope Urban VIII consecrated the new edifice. The colonnade which embraces the great piazza was built by Bernini 50 years later.

For many centuries there was a crypt under the floor of the present basilica. It contained fragments of ancient tombs of deceased pontiffs from Gregory V and Adrian IV in 1159 down to our own times. Blessed Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI willed to be buried in the crypt. It was, in fact, in the search for a place to bury Pius XI that the present excavations had their beginning. Tapping of the wall near the tomb of Pius X produced a hollow sound that indicated an empty space. The chamber was large enough to accommodate a tomb.

Later on, opening of more wall space brought to light discoveries that have turned out to be the most interesting since the finding of the catacombs.

Now the St. Peter's crypt is orderly. Tombs are catalogued, and can be visited easily. Left of the entrance to the crypt is the magnificent bronze sculpture done by Pol-

Iaiola for the tomb of Pope Sixtus IV. Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspeare), the only English Pope, lies in a huge granite sarcophagus. A little farther along is the tomb of James III of England, the last of the Stuart kings. He lies near his sons, the romantic Bonnie Prince Charlie and his brother Henry, Cardinal and Duke of York, who was archpriest of St. Peter's for more than 50 years.

Queen Christina of Sweden also has her last resting place in the crypt. When her coffin was opened to identify the remains, the body was found clothed in rich material. On her head was a crown of gold; in her right hand she held the scepter, and in her left a crucifix.

Below the crypt, the excavators proceeded cautiously until the great retaining walls of Constantine's early basilica were uncovered. These can be seen today. They are about 12 feet thick, and are the foundations on which the present building rests.

Foot by foot, the architects and engineers gradually brought to light a whole city of the dead. The opening of the Holy Year saw realization of a decade of intense, silent work.

Amazing funeral chambers of ancient Roman families came into view. Frescoes, paintings, and mosaics in all their original freshness were revealed to astonished eyes. An exquisite alabaster urn contained the ashes of some member

of a great family. A sarcophagus held the body of a noble matron clothed in the purple of a senator's wife, wearing jewelry of beaten gold. A marble coffin contained a child of 11 years and 11 months, as the touching inscription says, with a carved relief of the mourning father and mother at either end.

One of the most important finds was the brick tablet on which was inscribed the will of an early Roman. After bequeathing certain farms and lands to members of his family and disposing of his other possessions, he clearly states, "I wish to be buried on the Vatican hill facing the circus of Nero."

While all this was of archaeological interest, it was but a prelude to the most interesting discovery of all—the actual grave of St. Peter himself. For centuries, scholars have discussed the location of St. Peter's tomb. In the light of the recent discoveries under St. Peter's basilica, the matter cannot be dismissed as legend or myth.

From earliest times Christian tradition supported the opinion that St. Peter's grave was on the side of the Vatican hill near the circus of Nero, where he had been crucified. It is inconceivable that Constantine would have expended so much labor in building his church had it not been for this

opinion. As time goes on, new evidence constantly comes to light.

Margherita Guarducci recently read a paper at a session of the Pontifical Academy of Archaeology on the epigraph on the cult of St. Peter discovered in the recent excavations. It refers to the tomb of the family of the Valerii. Here in a niche of the family monument can be distinctly seen the fresco of the head of an elderly man with a beard. The letters forming the word *Petrus* are roughly traced in the stucco around the head. There follows a prayer asking St. Peter to intercede for the Christians buried near him.

The tomb of the Valerii family is about 60 feet from the spot where the grave of St. Peter has been identified. This epigraph, together with the likeness of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who died about 180, would place the inscription at the end of the 2nd or early part of the 3rd century, some years before Constantine built his church.

Whether the actual bones of St. Peter are in the grave today is not so important. The tomb is there, and each day new evidence is added to the already overwhelming mass we have. The excavations are not finished. We may still see in our own time even more convincing proofs.

WOMEN'S CLOTHES are often more fitting than proper.

D. O. Flynn.



Wild ponies swim from their home on Assateague island toward Chincoteague island, where they will be sold.

Virginians Round Up Salt-Water Ponies

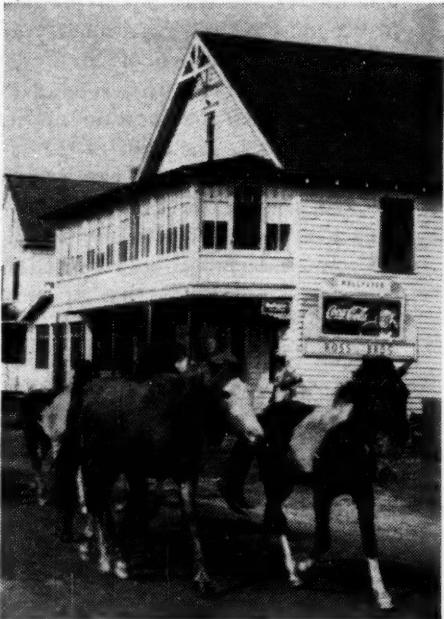
Globe photos by Donato Leo

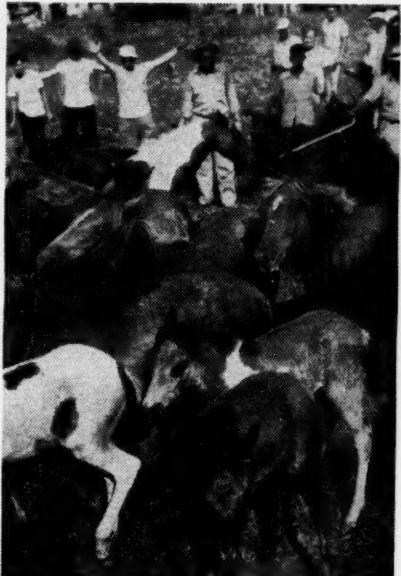
ONCE each year, on the last Thursday of July, herds of wild ponies wade ashore at Chincoteague island, off the Virginia sea-coast, and pound down the streets to a corral and the end of their freedom.

Legend has it that they are the descendants of Moor ponies which swam ashore on near-by Assateague island from a wrecked Spanish galleon.

The horses still live on that island, eating the salty marsh grass in summer and myrtle leaves in winter; and pawing shallow water wells with their hooves. In summer they escape mosquitoes by plung-

The horses pound along the village street toward the auction pens.





While the men drive the shaggy horses into a corral, would-be purchasers look on.

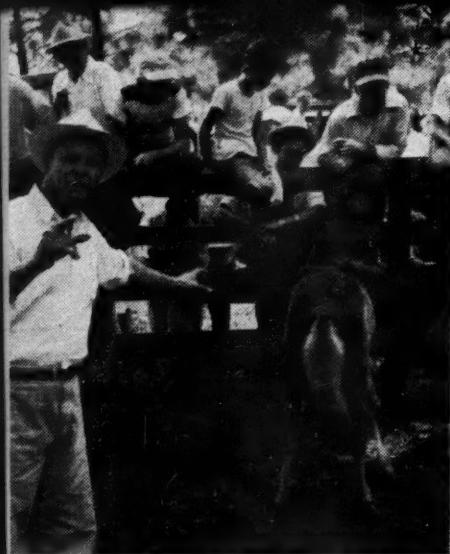
ing into the surf up to their necks.

Since 1778, the natives of Chincoteague island have been rounding up the shaggy horses on Pony Penning day. Men and boys drive the animals across the narrow channel separating the islands. Then they auction them off to eager buyers for the benefit of the town fire department. Unsold horses are branded, and driven back to Asateague.

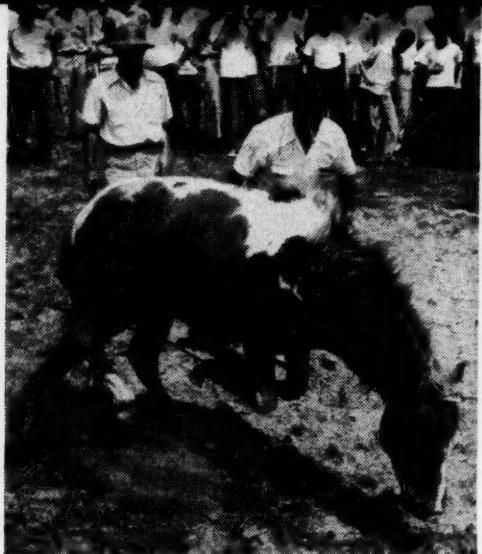
Pony Penning day is a general holiday on Chincoteague island. Visitors come from many states to watch the wild horses' arrival and the impromptu rodeo staged by the island boys.

This amateur bronco buster was thrown in a few seconds. Young men volunteer to ride the ponies to entertain the crowd



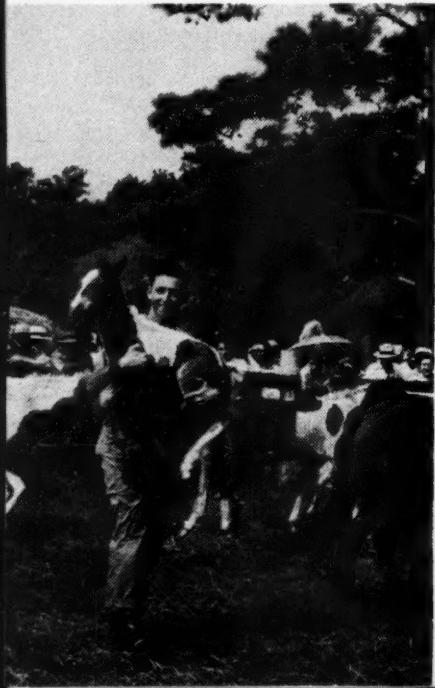


Who'll raise that to \$75? Who'll say \$75?

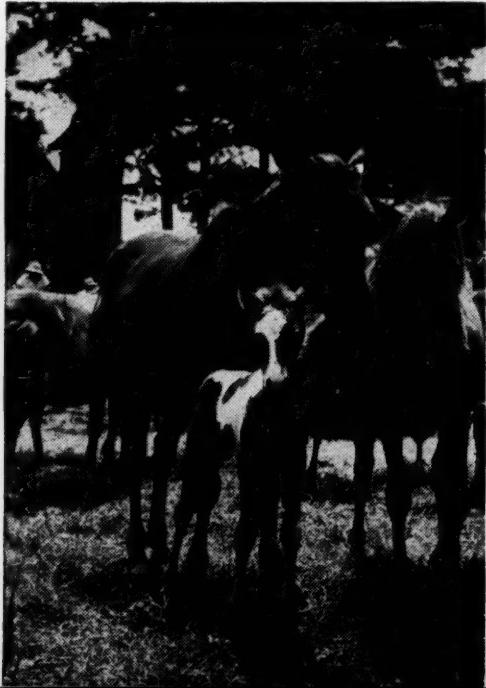


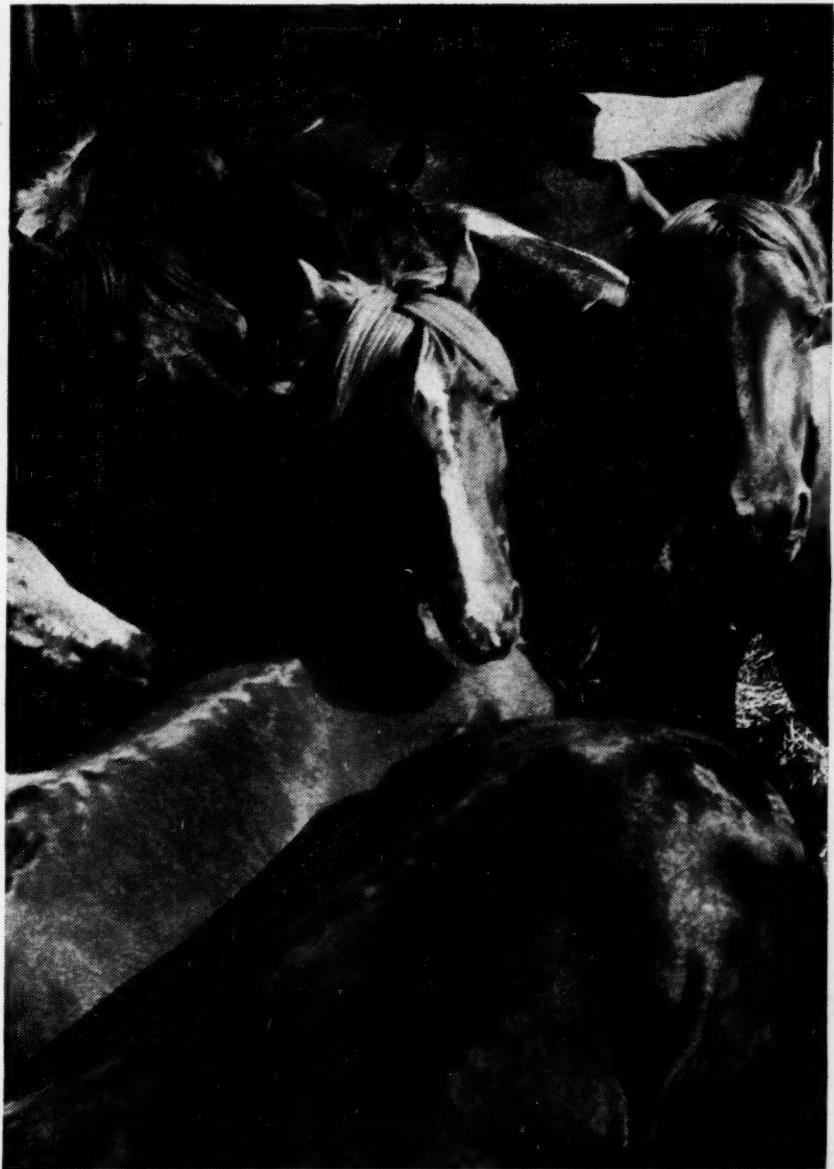
After fighting for 20 minutes a stallion is thrown. The men trim the hooves of unsold animals, then return ponies to Asateague.

Happy buyer with colt which cost \$50.



New colts draw "Oh's" from the crowd.





The day's bidding has ended. For unsold animals it means another year of freedom.

*The weight of medical authority
heavily favors*

Fluorides in Your Drinking Water

By O. A. BATTISTA

MORE than 250 communities (out of about 16,000 in the U.S. that maintain public water supplies) are now adding fluorides to drinking water. Several hundred more are making plans to do the same thing soon. By the end of 1953, 40 million Americans will be drinking artificially fluoridated water.

At the request of the editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, I studied hundreds of articles for and against water fluoridation. I found that there is still much misunderstanding and controversy. But I can make one positive statement: there will be no federal legislation to force water fluoridation onto the people.

The Delaney committee, which investigated the use of chemicals in foods and cosmetics, concluded in July, 1952, that "fluoridation of public water supplies is essentially a local problem." It strongly urged, however, that the facts about fluoridation be distributed as widely as possible. It wanted each community to be informed about the positive results as well as the calculated



risks in the fluoridation program.

Dentists estimate that the U.S. currently needs no fewer than 240 million extractions and more than 600 million fillings just to put American teeth in good shape. In addition, more than 100 million fillings have to be made each year to keep up with new cavities. American school children alone develop about 25 million cavities a year. Three-fourths of these are not filled. America's toothaches could easily keep 300,000 dentists busy drilling, filling, and pulling. But there are only about 70,000 dentists available and the number is decreasing.

Dr. Harold Hillenbrand has estimated that it would cost upwards of \$5 billion to provide only the initial dental care immediately needed in this country, with another billion annually for current dental maintenance. No matter how you look at the American toothache, it is a very expensive ache.

With these documented figures, it is easy to understand the enthusiasm of the endorsers of water

fluoridation. They proclaim, "It is the greatest means yet known to dental science for reduction of tooth decay." They explain, "It is no longer a scientific theory but a proven fact that children who drink fluoridated water from birth have from one-half to two-thirds less tooth decay than those who drink water without fluoride. Look at the official results compiled by the American Dental association and see for yourself."

Dental Decay Reductions After Fluoridation

City	Length of study period in years	% reduction in decay (Permanent teeth)	Age
Evanston, Ill.....	4	sch. age	50
Grand Rapids, Mich.	5	6	66
Lewiston, Ida.....	5	6	77
Marshall, Texas....	2	6	47
Newburgh, N.Y....	4	7	56
Sheboygan, Wis....	5	9-10	30

Most scientific opinions regarding fluoridation may be summed up by stating: the addition to public water supplies of enough fluoride compounds to equal the proportion of about one part of fluorine to one million parts of water, presents no hazard to the public health.

This view is supported by the American Medical association, American Dental association, National Research council, American Public Health association, and Association of State and Territorial Health Officers. The U.S. Public

Health Service gives the program unqualified endorsement.

The National Research council appointed a committee to study both sides of the fluoridation problem. The impartial committee gave this answer. "Properly controlled, the addition of fluorides to drinking water which lacks these chemicals appears to be both safe and effective."

"There is no evidence that fluorides are harmful in the very small amounts (about one part in a million) needed to reduce caries. Probably five million Americans drink water with this much or more every day. Fluoridation should be considered by any community which includes a child population of sufficient size, and which obtains its water supply from sources which are free from or extremely low in fluorides. However, it should be undertaken only under expert dental and engineering supervision by the state board of health, with constant chemical control. Less fluoride should be added in climates, where more water is used."

The critics of fluoridation argue that sodium fluoride is a standard rat poison, and should not be added to public water supplies.

The endorsers answer that this argument doesn't hold water. They reason that whether or not sodium fluoride, chlorine, iodine or what have you are poisonous to the human body depends on their concentration. A bottle of iodine has

Poison written on its label, but it can be used to swab your inflamed throat or an open cut without hurting you.

"For generations," say the pro-fluoridationists, "millions of persons in the U.S. have been drinking water having fluorides three or four times as high as the recommended one part per million, and no adverse physiological effects have been recognized. In Grand Rapids, where fluorides have been added to the water supply, dental conditions are very similar to those in Aurora, where the water has natural fluorine and no repercussions are reported."

"Fluorides will have a harmful effect on the kidneys of adults," says the opposition.

"No," says the Illinois State Board of Health. "Our studies show no difference in the data on nephritis in different cities with varying amounts of fluorides in their public water supplies.

"Studies show that fluorides do not accumulate in the body. The ability of the body to eliminate fluorides is more than adequate for the amount that must be handled from fluoridated water. Furthermore, no relationship has been found between fluorides in drinking water and bone brittleness."

"Let those who wish fluoride for their teeth get it by some form of local intake," say the antifluoridationists, "but don't contaminate everybody's water supply."

"This would not be practical," replies the American Dental association. "Table salt, milk, bread and other foods are not consumed uniformly. Fluorides are already a natural constituent of many water supplies. Fluoridation of public water supplies is, therefore, a particularly practical and safe way to handle the problem because it could be subject to constant control by competent health authorities."

"Fluoridation of public water supplies is 'socialized medicine,'" argues one school.

"Not so," replies the other school of thought. "Fluoridation is not a medication because it does not treat an existing disease or constitute a remedy. It serves to supply a *natural* constituent of human teeth, and makes available this ingredient in an optimum concentration to those communities where it is normally absent. On the other hand, serious attention should be given to remove fluorides from the drinking water of those communities where they occur naturally in excessively high concentrations that cause unsightly mottling of otherwise decay-resistant teeth."

"Fluoridation is no more 'socialized medicine' than is chlorination, immunization, pasteurization, and the many other disease-preventing procedures in common use today," says an official release from the American Dental association.

"The industrialists are anxious to see water fluoridation programs put

through," the fluoride opponents argue, "because it will mean money in their pockets for the needed millions of pounds of fluorides, 99% of which will literally go down the drain!"

On the surface, this argument does sound rather convincing. However, "fluoridation," say its supporters, "will cost on the average 10¢ per person per year. Compare this with Dr. Hillenbrand's conservative estimate of the present unnecessarily high dental bill. The cost of an average filling will pay for fluoridation for one person for almost a lifetime.

"As for the profit-making industrialists—the charge is without foundation. Fluoridation, where needed, could be carried out in the whole of the U. S. with only 45,000 tons of fluorides a year. This is a relatively small output for the large chemical manufacturers. The actual profit on the sale of fluorides would be very small compared with the total returns of the industrial giants involved, and it would be a mere fraction of the money that could be saved by cutting the dental bill of children under 12 in half."

The installation and operation of water-fluoridating equipment, and the equipment itself, is not complicated. For many years, in medium and large-size cities, expert engineering staffs have, as a routine matter, been feeding such chemicals as alum, lime, carbon, and chlorine into public water supplies.

The same techniques and the same standard equipment can be used for handling fluorides. Even in small cities, it is not necessary to enlarge the staff, because the feeding equipment is automatic and only needs to be filled at regular intervals.

The American Dental association accuses the minority school of thought, the antifluoridators, of having a very high representation of drugless healers, food faddists, and naturopaths.

Smallpox has been conquered by vaccination, typhoid fever is almost obsolete due to chlorination of water and immunization, and typhus has succumbed to immunizations and DDT attacks on lice and fleas. Now that a means of sharply reducing tooth decay is known, it seems sensible to act on the recommendations of the nation's most highly qualified medical and dental authorities.

Certainly, the minority should be heard. They insist that widespread fluoridation should be held up until doubts over any possible risks are resolved. As the Delaney committee recommended, "Fluoridation is a local problem and a community decision. If members of a community decide to fluoridate their drinking water the procedure used should be approved by the local dental society and utilized in accordance with the standards established by the responsible health authority."

The Queen's Coronation

Saints will witness the crowning of England's monarch

By M. HARRINGTON

Condensed from *Columbia**

WHEN, to the joyful sound of trumpets, Queen Elizabeth II enters Westminster abbey on June 2, 1953, she will do so as principal actor in a Christian drama. The English coronation service is now almost 1,000 years old. It has been built up out of many elements, Jewish and Roman, Byzantine and German, Catholic and Protestant, to show the ideal of monarchy and the right relation between rulers and ruled.

The service takes place in what was once a Catholic church, the Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster. The abbey itself has vanished; its last inhabitant died at the age of 90 in an Elizabethan prison. There is still an Abbot of Westminster, for the title has been attached to the Catholic see. But Cardinal Griffin, present Catholic

Archbishop and titular Abbot of Westminster, will not in 1953 be called upon to play his predecessors' part. The Dean of Westminster takes his place.

With the triumph of Constantine, the idea of Christian monarchy began its long, slow development. Simply as a man, the ruler had the task and the duty of becoming Christ-like. But his office as ruler gave him a special likeness to Christ the King; he had, therefore, a special duty to conform to the great model in

his public as in his private life. Inevitably, these ideas found ceremonial expression, which grew out of the old Roman recognition of the emperor.

Athanasius, first emperor to be crowned with Christian rites, in 491 A.D., did not assume the purple. He was invested with it by the



*New Haven 10, Conn. February, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

Patriarch Athenius of Constantinople, who put upon him the royal mantle and diadem. After the investiture he went to St. Sophia's, where he made an offering.

In the next century, the investiture itself took place in church, and the emperor received Communion. By the Middle Ages the people held the king responsible to God and to God's flock, themselves.

Throughout the medieval period the English Constitution, and consequently the coronation service, reflected the Christian concept of the relation between state and Church.

Government should be by consent of the governed. Hence, the Recognition appears very early in the English coronation rite. Strangely enough, there was no Recognition during the first coronation held in England, that of Edgar the Magnanimous in 973 A.D.

Prior to Edgar's reign, Saxon England had been divided into eight kingdoms. After Edgar unified the country, he was crowned at Bath, in western England, by the great St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury. A procession of nobles, clergy, and laity escorted Edgar to the church. There he prostrated himself before the altar while the *Te Deum* was being sung. He then rose, and swore to govern justly.

Having anointed Edgar, Dunstan invested him with a ring, a

sword, and a crown. The scepter and the rod, symbols of royal power, were delivered to the king. Finally, Mass was said.

The coronation at Bath formed the groundwork of all later coronations. Dunstan drew up a revision of the service. He provided for formal acceptance of the monarch by clergy and laity. Accordingly, when Elizabeth II is crowned the Recognition will be the first act in the proceedings.

The queen will be led to the west side of a stage erected in the abbey choir. The Archbishop of Canterbury will then address the ranked bishops and nobles, the guests filling the nave and aisles, and beyond them the people of London and of England and of the realms beyond the seas. "Sirs, I here present to you Queen Elizabeth, your undoubted queen. Wherefore, all you who are come to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

The answer comes in a wave of cheering. "God save the Queen!"

The same ceremony will be carried out at the south, the east, and the north sides of the stage.

When the people have thus accepted the sovereign, she may assume royal power, and with it responsibility. Queen Elizabeth will swear, in words that have echoed down the centuries, to perform her royal duties. Edgar standing before Dunstan swore to maintain peace for the sake of the Church and the

Christian people, to enjoin justice and mercy in all causes; and this formula continued to be used until 1154. Thereafter for some centuries the oath took the form of questions addressed by the archbishop to the monarch, and the latter's reply.

"Ye shall keepe after your strength and power the Church of God to the clergie; and the people whole peace and concord?"

"I shall keepe."

"Ye shall make to be done after your strength and power rightful justice in all your judgements, and discretion with mercy and truth?"

"I shall do."

So in words that echo her predecessors', Elizabeth II will promise "to govern according to law, to cause law and justice in mercy to be executed, to maintain the laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel. The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God."

Having recited the oath, the queen will kiss the Bible. For a long time, the Abbot of Westminster presented the Book of Gospels for this purpose; later, the oath was taken on the Blessed Sacrament. This was easily arranged, for every coronation down to and including that of Elizabeth I took place during Mass.

Even the first Protestant king, Edward VI, was crowned by the apostate Cranmer during the holy

Sacrifice. This may sound incredible, but there is a simple explanation. The authority of the king derived from his anointing: till Edward had become king, in fact as well as title, his authority could not be invoked to cover the religious changes planned by the government.

But once the boy was indeed king, the nobility set about the self-appointed task of de-Catholicizing England. The Communion service of the Church of England has taken the place of the Mass at the coronation.

Immediately after the singing of the Creed, Queen Elizabeth will be anointed. It is this rite, and not the putting on of the crown, which makes her the sovereign. The crown is simply a symbol of monarchy. It is the visible sign of royal dignity and responsibility, put on by one already a monarch. When Elizabeth II opened her first Parliament, she had not been anointed; she did not wear the imperial state crown, but it was carried before her.

The Recognition derives from paganism, but the Anointing is of far more ancient and holier origin. Under the Old Law, the Law of Moses, kings, priests, and prophets were anointed to their high offices.

Oil, that gives light and heat, is a symbol of the Holy Ghost, the third Person of the Godhead, who enlightens the hearts of the faithful and enkindles in them the fire of

divine love. Even as the sevenfold Spirit of God was poured out upon Christ the King, oil was poured out upon the Christian king; and for a long time the chrism employed in the consecration of bishops was used in coronations. Hence, kings were said to be "consecrated" as well as crowned.

As the chrism is poured on the monarch's head, the Holy Ghost is invoked. Meanwhile, the clergy recite a beautiful prayer that has come down, with the change of a few words, from the coronation of Edgar.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who by His Father was anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows, by this holy anointing pour down upon your head and heart blessing of the Holy Ghost, and prosper the work of your hands: that by the assistance of His heavenly grace you may preserve the people committed to your charge in wealth, peace, and godliness; and after a long and glorious course of ruling this temporal kingdom wisely, justly and religiously, you may at last be made the partaker of an eternal kingdom: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

When once this "consecration" has made into the sovereign the man or woman anointed, he or she may put on the crown.

Praying, the Archbishop of Canterbury sets upon the queen's head

the crown of St. Edward. This beautiful diadem is not in fact that worn by the Confessor, for the ancient regalia was destroyed by the Commonwealth of Cromwell. But, on the restoration of the monarchy in 1662, Charles II rightly sought to revive other national traditions also; and the new crown of England was named St. Edward's crown. In shape it is an imperial crown: that is, a jeweled band supporting arches surmounted by a cross.

As the crown is placed upon the new monarch's head, all the nobility put on their coronets. The trumpets sound. The bells of the abbey crash out. All the people within and without the great church cry, "God save the queen!"

This is the peak point of the coronation, but not the last ceremony of the queen-making. The monarch is now "the Lord's Anointed," crowned and sceptered. As such, she is enthroned, assisted to seat herself in the chair of St. Edward, there to receive the homage of clergy and laity.

This, again, recalls Catholic days, when it was held that "the earth is the Lord's," and the monarch was God's steward. He was charged with caring for a part of His domain. As a consequence of this belief there was not, and in England to this day there is not, absolute ownership of land. The landholder is "a tenant in fee simple," who theoretically holds of

the queen as the queen holds of God, in return for service.

Following the Homage, by which the Lords, both clerical and lay, become the queen's men "of life, and of limb, and of earthly worship," the Communion service is continued till the sovereign communicates and makes her offering. Meanwhile, the choir will sing the *Sanctus*, the *Pater* and the *Gloria*, all in English and all, of course, prayers from the Mass.

This concludes the service; but, as Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, the Duke of Edinburgh, and all their royal and noble guests leave the abbey, they will still be followed by the song of the faith. Above and behind Elizabeth, as she passes in splendor down the nave to be greeted by her people, the *Te Deum* (in English) will fill the vaulted roof of the monks'

church with praise of the Almighty.

Nearly 400 years ago, the first Elizabeth was the last English sovereign to be crowned with acknowledged Catholic rites during Mass. Her reign deprived her successors and their subjects of the faith. England is now a Christian country only in the vaguest sense of the word.

But over the coronation of Elizabeth II hangs a shining cloud of witnesses: the saints who wore their crowns in England, St. Edmund the Martyr, St. Edward the Confessor; the saints who crowned the kings of England, St. Dunstan, St. Anselm, St. Thomas à Becket, St. Edmund Rich. If their prayers prevail, the long and glorious reign which England hopes for Elizabeth II may be crowned by the true glory, the beginning of England's return to the faith.



I think we can AVOID WAR if:

Every Catholic will sincerely pray for the welfare of the Church in Russia after every low Mass. Much of the value of these prayers is lost in distractions like leaving church early and in making preparations to leave. Maybe Catholics would be more fervent in the richly indulged prayers

after Mass did they but realize that Pope Pius XI decreed and requested that the return of Russia to God be their chief intention. Careful consideration of this truth could do wonders toward bringing true peace to the world.

Mrs. Walter Mather.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

Sauce for Friday Fare

*Fat fish must be
treated right*

By J. GEORGE FREDERICK

Condensed from the *Fisherman**

AN ELDERLY WOMAN, living in the U.S., was at one time the *saucier* in the palace of a Scandinavian king. "It is amazing to me," says this retired mistress of fish sauces, "how seldom Americans eat fish with a sauce, except something poured from a bottle. You miss at least half of the delight of fish."

Overfrying fish or dumping a lot of catsup or mustard or spice-hot sauce on fish is a genuine unkindness to your stomach. What fish needs is a good sauce, an appropriate combination which adds something to the enjoyment of the fish but does not overwhelm it.

The ABC of saucing fish is to know that there are two main classes of fish: lean and fat. Each demands a type of sauce suited to it. The lean fish call for fat, which is absent in them; the fat fish call for piquant, tart sauce to minimize the excessive fat which is already there. Most fish are lean, but the fatty ones (mackerel, shad, striped bass, lake trout, whitefish, pom-

pano, sturgeon) definitely call for a tangy sauce. For fish that have a fine texture and flavor of their own use the liquid in which they have been poached or baked as a base for a mild sauce.

In making a cream sauce, use $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of flour, 1 cup of the fish or seafood broth, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of heavy cream, salt, and white pepper. This basic sauce can be changed into a number of other cream sauces by adding anchovy paste; capers—one to three tablespoons, chopped, with 1 or 2 tablespoons lemon juice or caper vinegar; or cheese sauce. For curry sauce, add to the basic sauce one teaspoon of curry powder; fennel sauce, blanch and chop in 1 tablespoon fennel tops; onion sauce, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked, sieved onions and 2 tablespoons onion juice or onion powder.

Hollandaise, creole, or tartar sauce are standard in all cookbooks. For fish sauce, however, the hollandaise should have in it $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of fish stock.

*Oxford, Ohio, February, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Fisherman Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.



For baked fish, try an oyster sauce. While your fish is baking, baste it with the oyster liquor and melted butter. After the fish is baked, remove it from the oven and lay oysters in the fish pan and allow them to simmer until the edges curl. Then take out the oysters and place them neatly around the fish on the hot serving plate. Add to the contents of the pan $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine and 2 tablespoons of butter into which has been kneaded 2 tablespoons of flour. Stir, simmer for 8 minutes, then

add 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and remove to the table while hot to be poured over each fish serving.

A good dill sauce is easy to make. Blend 2 tablespoons of butter in 2 tablespoons of flour (as for the usual white sauce), then add $1\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons of vinegar, 1 egg yolk, and a little salt. Stir in the egg yolk just before serving, being careful not to let the sauce boil after adding the egg yolk. Dill is a grand and fitting taste for any fish, fat or lean.



Hearts Are Trumps

FOR 20 years, Mrs. Frances Ackerman, 79, a gentle, gray-haired widow, was a familiar figure in the visiting rooms of Michigan's three prisons. She encouraged thousands of inmates to become better Christians; she wrote to their wives; and corresponded with many inmates who were lonely and received no mail from home.

One day her visits stopped abruptly. Guards and inmates asked the warden to investigate. Mrs. Ackerman had been confined to a wheelchair and was not able to continue her visits.

The inmates decided to take up a collection for Mrs. Ackerman. Rapidly, \$200 was collected and forwarded to their benefactor as a "down payment" for all the good she had done.

"Thank you very much," Mrs. Ackerman wrote her boys. "I have always wanted a record player and now I have bought one with your money. I want to acquire religious records."

"Although I won't be seeing you again, your gift will be a constant reminder of the pleasant moments we spent together. May God's teachings guide you through your life."

Helen Mull.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Religion in American Politics

*Eleventh in a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST
survey of religion in the U.S.*

PEOPLE in a democracy are continually meeting each other in various areas of activity. When they aren't actually meeting each other personally, they are reading about each other or talking about each other. Out of all these meetings, opinions and "social attitudes" are formed.

In another article we examined social attitudes. Now we examine attitudes in the field of politics and government. The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey only attempts to determine facts. It makes no attempt to solve the problems disclosed. That is everybody's job.

In order to arrive at fact, we put to the American people a very blunt, unqualified query: Would you just as soon vote for a Catholic for President of the U.S. as for someone of your own religion, or not?*

The answers may surprise you. More than half, 51% to be exact, of the Protestants replied quite frankly that they would not. When you consider that there are 71.1 million adult Protestants in this

country, the chances of a Catholic ever moving into the White House seem small, indeed. Add to this the fact that 31% of the 3.5 million Jews in this country gave the same answer, and the chances seem even slimmer.

Jews seemed less sensitive to the religious issue in national political campaigns than their Protestant neighbors. But they were also less decided on the point: 10% of the Jews said they "didn't know" whether they would vote for a Catholic for President, while only 7% of the Protestants gave this answer. That leaves 42% of the Protestants and 59% of the Jews willing to vote for a Catholic for President. (Interviewers made it clear in asking the question that the candidate was assumed to be fully qualified for the office.)

Elect a Protestant? When asked: Would you (as a Catholic) vote for a Protestant for President? 92% of the 23.7 million Catholics said they would. Does this really prove that there is less bigotry among Catholics than among Protestants? Not necessarily, for there are many other indications that the

*The survey was limited to persons 18 years old or over.

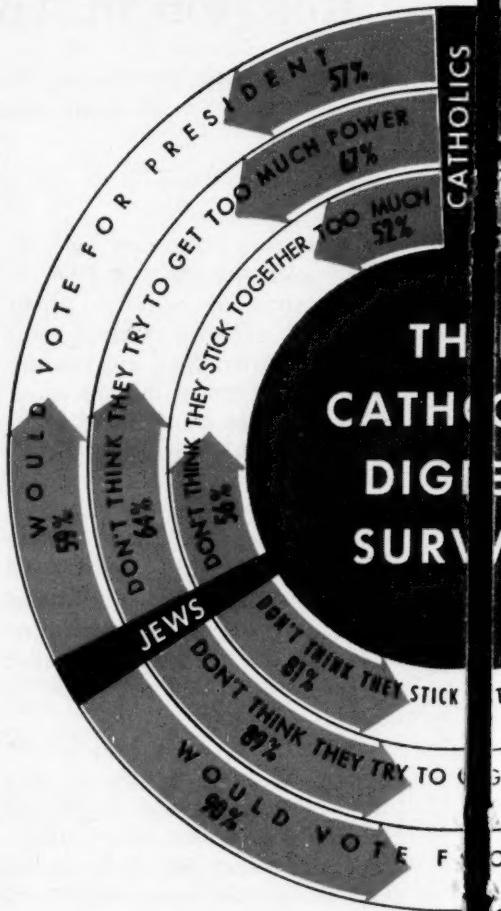
strong Protestant tradition in this country is readily accepted by Catholics. A mere 6% said that they would not. Only 2% were undecided on the question.

A smaller proportion of the Jews, 90%, said that they were as willing to vote for a Protestant for President as for a man of their own religion. Oddly enough, the percentage of Jews who do not favor a Protestant for President was precisely the same, 6%, as the percentage of Catholics who took this attitude. Only 4% of the Jews were undecided on the question.

Elect a Jew? Would you as soon vote for a Jew for President of the U.S. as for someone of your own religion? This question brought some extremely interesting answers: 57% of the Catholics said they would. Only 31% of the Protestants agreed with them. All answers to this critical question seem to indicate that Catholics and Jews are less distrustful of each other than their Protestant neighbors are of them. Nevertheless, 34% of the Catholics said they would not vote for a Jew for President, and 31% of the Jews said they would not vote for a Catholic. It seems that on this issue, at least, Catholics and Jews are intolerant of each other in approximately the same degree.

Protestants are even less willing to send a Jew to the White House than a Catholic. Only 31% of the Protestants said that they would be willing to vote for a Jewish candi-

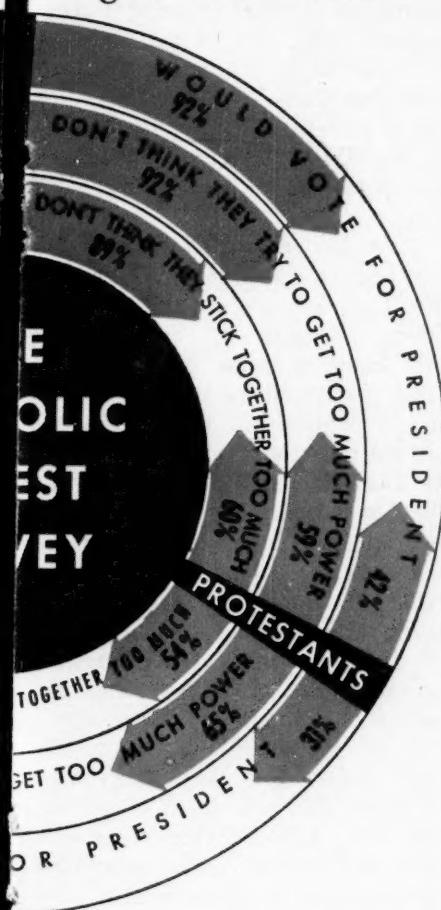
What We Think of It



Here are 18 relationships between America's religious groups. Read the outer circle clockwise toward "Protestant." You will see that only 42% of Protestants would vote for a Protestant for president. Read the inner circle clockwise toward "Catholic." You will see that 75% of Catholics would vote for a Catholic for president. The bottom section shows the relationship between Protestants; the section at the left, the relationship between Catholics.

Read the middle and inner circles the same way.
Reading from "Protestants" toward "Jews," you
Jews stick together too much. Reading from "Jew"
Jews don't think that Protestants stick together to

Religion in Politics



gions. If you start at the top with "Catholics," you will find that 92% of Catholics at part of the circle in the other direction; you for a Catholic president. The circle works the ion shows the relationships between Jews and is between Jews and Catholics.

y. Take the bottom section of the inside circle. find that 54% of Protestants don't think that vs" toward "Protestants," you see that 81% of o much.

date, whereas 61% of them admitted quite frankly that they would not. The answers to this question also suggest that the unwillingness of Protestants to vote for a Catholic for President is not due solely to fear of "foreign entanglements" with the Vatican.

The real purpose of the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey in asking these questions was not to determine whether we are most likely to have a Protestant, Catholic or Jew as our next President, but to see just how tolerant we are of each other. In its nation-wide, scientific study of the attitudes of the three largest religious groups toward each other, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey found little tension and much agreement among them on many questions.

Yet in nearly every query touching on political power, the survey found large areas of fear, suspicion, and dislike. The fact that Catholics acknowledge that they receive guidance in moral matters from the Pope, the Bishop of Rome, seems to disqualify them in the minds of many Americans from holding the highest office in the gift of the American voter. And this attitude prevails even though good citizenship is one of the moral precepts of the Catholic Church.

Catholics would do well to make it clear that, for them, it is a sin to evade income-tax payments or military service, or to conspire to overthrow their lawfully constituted government. The insistence of

the Catholic Church on the validity of a natural law, which binds all men, whether they be Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, is often misunderstood. When the Catholic hierarchy takes a stand on such matters as birth control, considered by many Americans to be a controversial topic, it is sometimes asserted that the Catholics are "after too much power" in the U.S.

Too much power? To get a factual picture of the attitudes of Americans on this point, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked: Do you think the Catholics are trying to get too much power in the U.S., or not? Forty-one per cent of the Protestants think they are.

While that percentage is smaller than the number of Protestants who asserted that they would not vote for a Catholic for President (51%), it nevertheless represents a formidable number of grown-up people, 29,151,000. Only 36% of the Protestants felt safely certain that Catholics were not after too much power, leaving 23% undecided. Seemingly, a good many factors other than the fear of Catholic power enter into the reluctance of most Protestants to vote for a Catholic for President. On that question they showed much less indecision, only 7% reporting that they "didn't know" whether their vote was influenced by the religious issue. It should be noted that only 6% of the Protestants regarded their Catholic fellow citizens as not as loyal

to the U.S. as they considered themselves to be, as reported in the January, 1953, issue of the DIGEST. It would seem that many Protestants fear Catholic political power, not as something "subversive," but as something "foreign" to what they regard as the American tradition.

Thirty-six per cent of the 3.5 million Jews in this country also think that Catholics are after too much power. Perhaps by coincidence, that happens to be precisely the same percentage as that for Protestants who think that Catholics are not after too much power. And by a similar coincidence, 41% of the Jews think that Catholics are not after too much power, again the same percentage as the Protestants who think they are. Twenty-three per cent of the Jews and 23% of the Protestants "didn't know," an exceptionally high percentage of indecision. Translated into numbers of people, the survey found that 1,260,000 Jews think that Catholics are after too much power in the U.S., 1,435,000 think they are not, and 805,000 cannot make up their minds on the question.

Protestants and Power. When asked: Do you think the Protestants are after too much power in the U.S.? only 8%, or 1,896,000, of the Catholics felt that they were. That is just one more bit of evidence that Catholics readily trust in the political integrity of their Protestant neighbors. A full 76%,

or 18,012,000, of the Catholics felt confident that Protestants were not after too much power, and 16%, or 3,792,000, of the Catholics were not sure on the point.

On the same question, 11% of the Jews, or 385,000 of them, thought that Protestants wished too much power in the U.S. On the other hand, 66%, or 2,310,000, of the Jews did not fear the power of Protestants as a group. Yet again a comparatively large percentage were undecided, 23%, or 805,000, of them.

Jews and Power. When Americans were asked whether they thought Jews were after too much power in the U.S., 35% of the Protestants and 33% of the Catholics thought they were. That means that 24,885,000 Protestants and 7,821,000 Catholics, or a total of 32,706,000 adult Americans, regard their Jewish fellow citizens with suspicion. If you add to this the 17,064,000 Protestants and the 4,740,000 Catholics who "don't know" whether the Jews are trying to get too much power or not, you come up with the staggering total of 54,510,000 Americans who are not completely confident of the political integrity of American Jews. True, 47% of the Catholics (11,139,000) and 41% of the Protestants (29,151,000) answered that they did *not* think that the Jews were after too much power. Yet this means that a total of only 40,290,000 Americans feel certain

that their Jewish fellow citizens are not trying to get too much power in the U.S.

When the answers to the two foregoing questions are considered together, a pattern of great significance becomes evident. In political matters, Protestants in this country are regarded with far less distrust than either Catholics or Jews. Although Catholics and Jews show more confidence in each other than Protestants do in them, each group displays even more tolerance toward Protestants. It would also appear that there is considerable room for improvement in the attitudes of Catholics and Jews toward each other.

Why this apparent lack of trust in political matters among the three principal religious groups in this country? Is it because each is thought to "stick together" too much?

"Stick Together." In order to find out the facts, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked Americans this question: Do you think the [Protestants-Catholics-Jews] stick together too much, or not?

Forty per cent of the Protestants thought that Catholics stick together too much, and 44% of the Jews agreed with them. On the other hand, 45% of the Protestants and 46% of the Jews think that Catholics definitely do *not* stick together too much, while 15% of the Protestants and 10% of the Jews

were not sure. On this question the Jews seemed slightly less favorable toward Catholics than the Protestants, and less undecided on the matter. On the other two questions the reverse attitude was found.

Interestingly enough, Catholics seemed less tolerant of Jews, too, on this question. At least they were relatively less favorably disposed toward them than on the question of the vote for President or whether or not Jews are after too much power. Forty-eight per cent of the Catholics thought that Jews stick together too much, while a slightly smaller percentage, 46%, of the Protestants thought so, too. But 41% of the Catholics believed that Jews definitely do not stick together too much, whereas only 37% of the Protestants felt certain that they did not. That leaves only 11% of the Catholics undecided on the question and 17% of the Protestants still reserving judgment.

Many Protestant leaders mourn the difficulties that beset all efforts to arrive at unity among Protestants. At least they can be happy over the reverse of the coin: 76% of the Catholics in this country think that Protestants don't try to stick together too much, and only 11% of the Catholics think they do. Only 19% of the Jews think that Protestants stick together too much and 54% are sure that they don't.

However, on this question the

Jews showed the highest percentage of indecision of any of the groups on any of the three questions considered here; 27% of them "didn't know" whether Protestants stick together too much or not. They had shown much more decided opinions on their attitude toward Catholics in this matter. Of the Catholics, 13% were undecided whether or not Protestants stick together too much.

Consideration of the answers to all three questions suggests that American Protestants enjoy a relatively high degree of confidence and respect in political matters. Although America is not really a "Protestant country," as many suppose, the idea that good Protestants make good citizens seems to be accepted, not only by the Protestants themselves, but by Catholics and Jews as well. However, there is equally strong indication that Catholics and Jews are regarded by many Americans as "races apart" from the prevailing cultural stream. Not only do Protestants so regard them, but some Catholics and Jews eye each other with suspicion. Catholics share with Protestants the idea that Jews are "clannish," while Jews join Protestants in thinking that Catholics are trying to get too much power.

The founding fathers in framing the Constitution went to great pains to foresee every possible point of religious tension which might develop. This land was first colon-

ized largely by people who had run away from the religious wars and persecutions of Europe. It was the ideal of men like George Washington and Thomas Jefferson to establish a system of law which would allow men of every creed to live together in peace and harmony. Yet, because they also recognized the prime importance of God in all the affairs of men, they wanted a government which would be favorable to all religions generally, but to none in particular.

Their plan succeeded for a long time to a remarkable degree. Except for occasional flare-ups of religious prejudice at various points along the Atlantic seaboard, religion was not a political issue in the early days of the U.S. In the Revolutionary war, Protestants, Catholics and Jews had fought side by side as brothers-in-arms against a common enemy. Facing the same struggles and the same dangers, they found little time to distrust one another.

Religious tension did not become a real problem in this country until the 19th century, when a vast tide of immigration swept thousands of the poor and friendless of Europe to the "promised land" of America. Americans whose families dated back to the first colonies found themselves in stiff economic competition with the newcomers. Resentment flared. The first waves of Irish Catholics fleeing the potato famines of their native soil were

followed by great numbers of Poles, Rumanians, Lithuanians, Czechs, Bohemians, and other peoples, none of whom could speak the English which had become the language of America. Small wonder that these immigrants tended to "stick together" and to form societies of which their Church was often the focal point.

Still later, the pogroms of Russia and the Balkans forced large numbers of Jews to seek political refuge in this country. About the same time the political turmoil arising from the unification of Germany and Italy and the adoption of compulsory military-service programs caused people of nearly every country of Europe to seek a place in the booming economy of America. Fabulous tales of prosperity sent back by the immigrants increased the flow of immigration until it was artificially cut off, first by war and later by law.

Most of the early colonists were Protestants. Most of the 19th-century immigrants were either Catholics or Jews, who brought with them strange manners and dress, spoke in strange tongues, and practiced what seemed to many Americans strange religions. Many sincere Americans believed their country was being changed for the worse. They feared that America would become a hodge-podge of cultures, without unity, national character, or strength. Religious tension grew with their fears, and

so did racial and national tension.

Yet the children of the immigrants were glad to cast off the ways of the old world and take on the ways of the new. Three or four generations have seen American culture enriched, rather than destroyed, by the leavening yeast of new ways and new ideas.

But prejudice dies hard, especially where political power is concerned. The answers to the three questions considered here indicate that we need to make a great deal of progress before we can claim that there is complete religious tol-

erance in this country. Catholics and Jews must yet convince large numbers of their neighbors that, although they may be different, they are not necessarily less patriotic or less able than others.

In primitive societies, the word for *stranger* and for *enemy* are often the same. The same is true of the words for *familiar* and *friend*. America is still a young nation. Perhaps as our American civilization grows older it will become more mature, and Catholics, Protestants, and Jews will come to understand each other better.



Pet Peeves in Politics

HERE are some odd measures which were introduced in the legislatures of various states recently. Some were killed, others are still up for consideration.

Michigan. Tickets for public events should carry a clear notice if the seat is behind a post.

Maine. Issue automobile licenses in the shape of potatoes. The sponsor of this bill suggested it would make "Idaho green with envy."

Pennsylvania. Fumigate all taxicabs and telephone booths regularly.

Iowa. Require a skull-and-crossbones label on all liquor sold in the state.

Oregon. Prohibit the eating of popcorn in all movie theaters.

Illinois. Make compulsory a cuspidor in every room in every public building.

Wisconsin. Make Labor day the 3rd Monday in September, thereby adding a couple of weeks to the state's summer-resort season.

Pennsylvania. Put spray deflectors on all trucks and buses to keep them from splashing the windshields of vehicles behind them.

West Virginia. Senator Mathew M. Neeley suggested that the Post Office department overcome its deficit by charging \$5 postage on birthday greeting cards to anybody over 40.

North Dakota. Prohibit the sale of candy cigarettes.

Paul Steiner in the *Victorian* (March '53).

Three Penguins Visit Me

They learned to turn doorknobs and to keep off the flowers

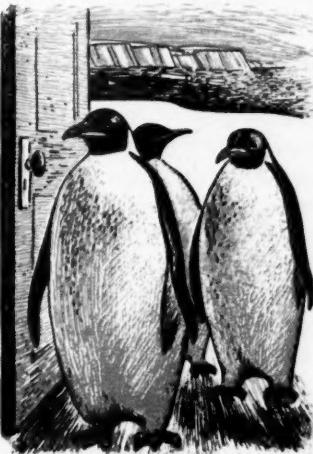
By H. W. REYNOLDS

As told to N. Pelham Wright

Condensed from *Natural History**

I LIVE on the coast of Tierra del Fuego, near the southern end of South America. Three of the world's strangest creatures swam nearly 1,000 miles from where they were born to land on my seaside farmhouse doorstep. They were emperor penguins, who are among the least-known, most interesting, largest birds. One of them was more than four feet tall.

This largest of the penguins normally breeds only on the ice surrounding the Antarctic continent and rarely travels farther north than the West Antarctic Archipelago. I know of only five emperor penguins that have been encountered away from Antarctica, four on the shores of Tierra del Fuego and one on Kerguelen island, in the South Indian ocean, about 1,200 miles from Antarctica.



After their long swim, our birds seemed very tired. They moved about very little to begin with, as though recovering from an ordeal. They came in early winter, after a period of storms. They doubtless crossed much of the distance on north-bound floes, but this ice would have broken up far from our shores. The birds must have had a long swim.

Our penguins were imposing birds; the heaviest weighed almost 62 pounds. They were young, for they obtained their first adult plumage while they were with us. We never knew whether they were fully grown or not. Two of them came at one time, and lived with us a year. Both were tame, although they would not allow anyone but my mother and me to play with them.

*79th St. at Central Park West, New York City 24. November, 1951. Copyright, 1951, by the American Museum of Natural History.

The penguins evidently had a dread of the sea, possibly the result of their long voyage. Once or twice we took the first bird down to the beach in a wheelbarrow to see whether he wanted a bath or would swim, but he always fled from the water as fast as he could. We had to build a cement swimming pool for it in the garden. When this was filled with fresh water, he thoroughly enjoyed it, but he would never enter it if he knew he was being watched.

One thing that surprised us was that none of the birds would touch fish. Squids probably form a large part of their normal diet. We fed them on raw meat, necessarily by hand, because they apparently cannot eat from the ground. We had to put each piece of meat into their beaks; and if we ever put in a piece of fish instead, the bird would reject it.

The first bird landed on a nearby beach. It spent most of its time in the chicken run, but I would often take it out for walks. It seemed to enjoy this, and followed me slowly, rolling along like a seaman. (Penguins on the ice are known to toboggan rapidly along on their breasts at ten miles an hour, using their powerful legs and wings to propel them). The second bird had the complete freedom of our large front garden, and, incidentally, never trod on the plants! This one learned quickly to open even difficult gates by watching

how we did it. It used to let itself out and go for a dignified walk alone when it wished to, always returning when hungry. Once or twice, when it felt like coming into the house for company, it turned the heavy round knob on the front door with its beak.

On the other hand, emperor penguins sometimes seem to be governed only by blind instinct or unreasoning emotion. Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy points out that during the brooding season the desire to mother something is so strong that eggs formerly frozen and long addled, as well as dead chicks and lumps of ice, are tucked onto the feet and covered with the feathery muffs of would-be fathers and mothers. "So avid and blind," says Murphy, "is the interest of parents and foster parents in eggs and chicks that the resulting struggles work entirely gratuitous hardship upon the offspring, many of which are literally killed by kindness. No sooner does a brooding bird indicate its readiness to give up its charge than a scrimmage takes place, with dozens of free adults competing savagely for the honor of the next turn. As a result, the young are very roughly handled, their skin is frequently torn, and sometimes they become lost altogether by dropping into a crevice."

My birds would always "answer" me when spoken to, and we used to carry on spirited conversations from opposite ends of the garden.

In the end, they would always come to me. As far as I could make out, they made three distinct noises, each with a special significance. When they were pleased with themselves, they would utter one of those sounds. A second call seemed to denote surprise or astonishment. And the third was a sign of annoyance or anger. I learned to imitate all three noises.

After about six months, the birds underwent a complete molt. They shed not only the feathers but also the skin, including that of the legs and feet and the sheath of the beak. The plumage that came afterward was resplendent, and quite obviously their first adult attire.

The annual molt is evidently a major problem for the emperors. They fast for a month, standing erect on almost the same spot, losing weight. To my certain knowledge, none of them moved outside an area of two square yards at this time.

They were obviously very uncomfortable during their molt.

When the new coat, which had formed underneath the old skin, began pushing the latter outward and breaking it up, the birds helped the process by pushing the old skin away with their beaks. My mother used to assist, and they obviously approved. But if we tried to take off a piece that wasn't ready, it hurt them, and they would gently peck us and emit the annoyance noise. When they apparently felt that their transformation was complete, they let themselves go. Repeatedly uttering their pleasure sound, they left their two square yards of "isolation ward," and came up to the house to break their month's fast.

I became greatly attached to these birds, and I really believe they felt some sort of affection for me. When they eventually died, in each case of a parasitic ailment, I felt a deep sense of loss. I often look wistfully along the beaches in early winter, hoping that we may have yet another portly black-and-white visitor from Antarctica.



THE English Parliament in 1700 passed the following law against the wiles of women: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from and after such act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

What the U.S. Thinks of Life: Here and Hereafter

*Twelfth of a series of articles on the
CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of religion*

FOR what are we placed on this earth? Is it to live comfortably or to prepare for another life which begins after death? That is the most important question that is ever put to man. What is the answer that most of us give?

Throughout the ages men have pondered this all-important question. At different times they have come up with different answers. Most pagans of the ancient world thought the answer simple and obvious: a man should try to live as comfortably as possible. Yet a few pagan philosophers like Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle thought that man would do well to look beyond the grave. And pagan men of letters like Homer, Aeschylus, and Sophocles were certain that he should. Yet of all the ancient world, only the Jews preserved the contact of Adam with the true God.

The pagan view of life came to its natural conclusion. The grandeur that was Rome became the luxury and vice that was also Rome, and the great empire fell. In the meantime, the message of Christ, "For what shall it profit a

man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" gave impetus to the idea that man should concentrate his energies on preparing for the next world.

The men of the succeeding epoch, the Middle Ages, regarded this life as a mere vestibule to eternity. The whole of the Western World was known as Christendom (the Kingdom of Christ) and all human life was God-centered. Artists dedicated their lives and their art to the glory of God, so much so that they didn't even sign their works. The names of those who built the great medieval cathedrals are today known only to God.

Then came the Renaissance and the growth of a new humanism. Men said: God has created the world, and He has placed men in it so that they can find their way to Him through their own thought, prayer, and work. Yet He has made the world beautiful, and He has given man the intelligence to appreciate the great marvel of the universe. Why should it not be part of the design of God that men use their intelligence to exploit the nat-

ural resources of the world for their own comfort? What's wrong with being comfortable?

Yet the new humanism propounded so many conflicting answers to the problems of life that Christianity itself was soon torn asunder by the Reformation. That breach has not yet been healed, and many men are today so bewildered at the sickness of our civilization that they snatch what comfort they can and let the next world take care of itself.

At this mid-point of the 20th century, a century which has already seen two wars that almost crushed civilization, what do Americans think is the proper business of life? To find out, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked, What do you think you should be more serious about: trying to live comfortably, or preparing for a life after death?

When this question was put to Americans of all three great religious groups, 51% of them replied that they believed that they should be most serious about preparing for life after death. Some 23% thought that they should be equally concerned with trying to live comfortably and with preparing for the next life. And 22% thought that one should meet the immediate problem of living comfortably and let the next world take care of itself. Only 4% could not decide.

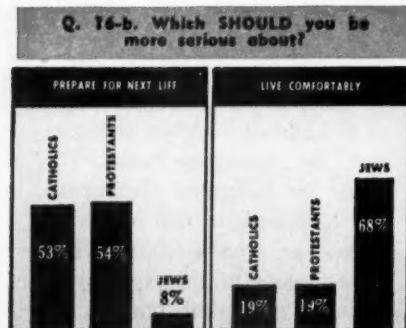
Of the Catholics, 53% thought that their first concern should be preparing for the next world. But

At last year's Corning conference, called by the Corning Glass Works and the American Council of Learned Societies, the question for discussion was: Was there an industrial civilization, and if there was, did it produce a good or even a tolerable life? Contributors to this symposium varied a good deal, but the two main classes were the professors and the businessmen. One of the most profound questions brought forth was put by a businessman who noted the absence of any real discussion of religion as an important element in this civilization, and who obviously wondered whether a society which took God for granted (either as present or absent) was really capable of healthy life.

D. W. Brogan in the *Saturday Review*
(14 Feb. '53).

19% thought that the proper business of life is living comfortably. One-fourth of the 23.7 million adult Catholics thought that they should try both to live comfortably and to prepare for the next life. Some 3% thought the problem too difficult to answer.

Protestants showed more concern for the next world than Catholics, with 54% of them declaring that they thought preparation for life after death more important than living comfortably in this. The same number, 19%, thought that



one's first concern should be comfort, and 24% thought that one should strive equally hard in both directions. That leaves 3% undecided.

The Jews were quite frankly in favor of living comfortably, with 68% of them holding this view. Only 8% were sure that one should be primarily concerned with the next life, while 17% were of the opinion that both goals were important. Some 7% were undecided on the matter. Of the Protestants, Baptists showed the highest percentage of concern with the next world (68%) and Episcopalians the least (25%).

We must not conclude that those Catholics, Protestants, and Jews who thought that the next world is not our primary concern are necessarily irreligious. Possibly quite a few of them feel that one should do his everyday job to the best of his ability and trust in God to see that he is taken care of in the next world.

Men were much more concerned

than women with living comfortably, only 47% of the men feeling that one should be preparing for the next life, as against 56% of the women holding this view. The fact that in our society men are normally the breadwinners no doubt explains their inclination toward this mundane view.

Young and elderly people are more inclined to be concerned with the next world than those in the prime of life. Some 53% of those between 25 and 34 hold this view, as against only 50% of those aged 35-44. And 56% of those 65 and over thought that the next world was a matter of grave concern.

Negroes were much more otherworldly than whites, with 56% of the colored concerned with the next life as against 51% of the whites.

Generally speaking, the less education one has the less is he likely to be concerned with living comfortably and the more is he concerned with preparing for the next life. Only 18% of those with less than an 8th-grade education were bent on comfort, while 31% of the college graduates were. Some 59% of those of only primary education were of the opinion that one should spend his life getting ready to leave it, while only 38% of the college graduates thought this way.

Of all occupational groups, proprietors and managers were most concerned with trying to live comfortably (27%), while farmers (11%) were least concerned with

the life of ease. And people with the highest incomes were much more inclined to seek comfort (25%) than either those of the middle-income group (22%) or of the lower-income group (19%).

A man's concern with living comfortably seems to vary in direct proportion to the size of the community in which he lives. People living in rural areas are least concerned with living comfortably (12%), while those living in cities of over a million are most concerned (32%). Perhaps people settle in rural areas because they are not overly desirous of creature comforts, yet it is difficult to ignore the fact that there is a direct progression from one view to the other as the size of the community increases.

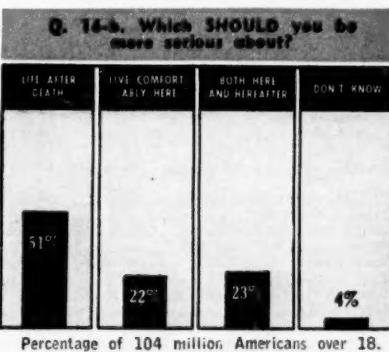
People's idea of the prime business of life varies with the geographical area in which they live. Those of the East South Central states (Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi) showed the greatest concern for the next life (76%), while those of the New England states (Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut) showed the least (34%).

The answers to these questions give a pretty fair picture of what Americans think they should be doing with their lives. But what are they actually doing? What relationship is there between belief and practice?

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey next asked, Which do you think you yourself are most serious about: trying to live comfortably, or preparing for life after death? The answers to this question show a considerable discrepancy between belief and practice.

Of the American people as a whole, 46% admit frankly that they are spending most of their energies on trying to live comfortably. Only 21% felt that they were chiefly concerned with preparing for the next life. Some 30% thought they gave equal attention to both goals, and 3% didn't know what they were trying to do. Compare these figures with the 51% who thought they *ought* to be preparing for the next world.

Of the Catholics, 39% conceded that they were most serious about living comfortably; 23% felt they could honestly say that they were busy preparing for the next life; 35% thought they were equally serious about both; and 3% didn't



Question 16-b. Which do you think you should be more serious about: trying to live comfortably, or preparing for a life after death?

	Millions of People This Re- presents	Trying to Live Comfor- tably %	Preparing for Life After Death %	Both %	Don't Know %
TOTAL U. S.	104.0	22	51	23	4
RELIGION—R. Catholic	23.7	19	53	25	3
Protestant total	71.1	19	54	24	3
Baptist	18.0	12	68	19	1
Methodist	16.6	18	52	26	4
Lutheran	7.9	25	48	25	2
Presbyterian	7.2	23	43	30	4
Episcopal	3.0	34	25	34	7
Congregational	1.6	44	26	28	2
Other denominations	16.8	17	59	21	3
Jewish	3.5	68	8	17	7
Other and None	5.7	42	32	16	10
SEX—Men	51.5	24	47	25	4
Women	52.5	19	56	22	3
AGE—18-24	11.8	20	52	22	6
25-34	23.4	23	53	22	2
35-44	22.3	24	50	23	3
45-54	20.0	23	50	24	3
55-64	13.7	21	51	24	4
65 & over	12.8	14	56	26	4
RACE—White	93.7	22	51	23	4
Negro	10.3	18	56	21	5
EDUCATION—0-8th grade	25.0	18	59	20	3
1-3 years' high school	19.8	25	49	22	4
High school graduate	39.4	19	51	27	3
1-3 years' college	7.3	25	47	25	3
College graduate	12.5	31	38	25	6
OCCUPATION—Professional	9.3	26	44	26	4
Proprietor or manager	9.4	27	44	23	6
White-collar worker	19.5	19	48	29	4
Service worker	10.4	22	58	17	3
Manual worker	40.9	22	54	21	3
Farmer	13.0	11	61	26	2
Other	1.5	21	45	30	4
INCOME—Upper	17.7	25	42	27	6
Middle	53.0	22	51	24	3
Lower	33.3	19	57	20	4
CITY SIZE—Over Million	12.1	32	40	22	6
100,000-1 Million	18.6	26	47	22	5
25,000-100,000	12.2	22	53	21	4
10,000-25,000	8.2	18	55	24	3
Under 10,000	35.9	20	50	27	3
Rural	17.0	12	67	19	2
REGION—New England	6.4	31	34	31	4
Middle Atlantic	20.8	29	40	27	4
South Atlantic	14.6	15	65	18	2
East South Central	7.9	8	76	13	3
West South Central	10.0	16	65	16	3
East North Central	21.0	22	51	23	4
West North Central	9.7	17	51	29	3
Mountain	3.5	21	52	20	7
Pacific	10.1	29	41	27	3

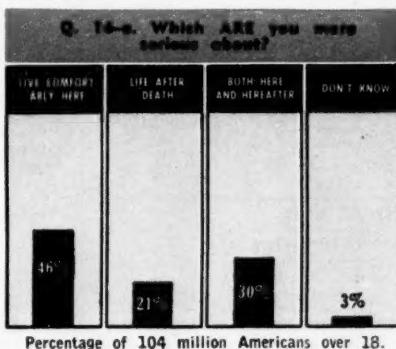
know how they felt. Remember that 53% of the Catholics thought they *should* be most serious about preparing for life after death, while only 19% had held the opinion that a person's first concern should be living comfortably.

Protestants showed a slightly higher discrepancy between belief and practice, with 22% affirming that they were most concerned with life after death, as against the 54% who had said this should be the first goal of life. Of the Protestants, the Baptists seemed to come closest to realizing their ideal: 33% of them asserted that they are chiefly concerned with preparing for life after death. Yet 68% had declared that this is what they ought to be doing.

Of the Jews, 84% stated quite frankly that their chief concern was to live comfortably in this life, and only 1% asserted that they were busy preparing for the next life. Some 13% of the Jews said they were trying to do both, and 2% didn't know what they were striving for.

In giving these answers, the Jews showed far more consistency than their Christian brethren. Only 8% of the Jews think they ought to be most concerned with the next world, while 68% believe it is right to be more concerned with living comfortably.

Such answers are not wholly out of line with the Jewish tradition, as depicted in the Old Testament.



The God of ancient Israel was represented as rewarding good behavior with material benefits. Most of Job's compatriots thought him a sinner because God so plagued him with misfortune. The Jews of the Old Testament looked for a Messias who would lead them to victory over their enemies, not one who would teach them a new way of life, a life of sacrifice and abnegation.

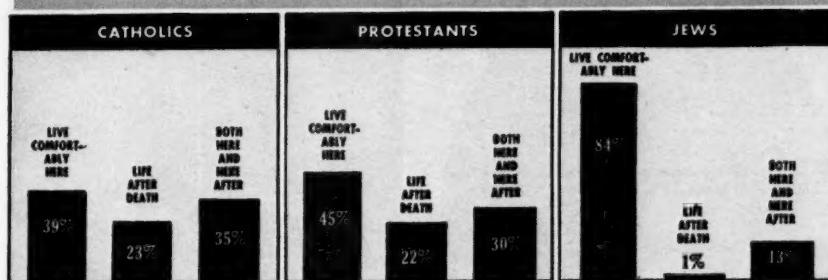
Of American men, including all ages from 18 on up and all religious beliefs, only 18% said they were most serious about preparing for life after death, as against 47% who thought they should. But 29% thought they were doing both, and this can be added to the earlier figure to give us back 47% who are trying to prepare in some way for a life beyond the grave. Some 24% of all American women think that they are most serious about the next world, and 31% are trying both to live comfortably and get ready for the next life, a total

Question 16-a. Which do you think you yourself are more serious about—trying to live comfortably; or preparing for a life after death?

	Millions of People This Rep- resents	Trying to Live Comfor- tably %	Preparing for Life After Death %	Both %	Don't Know %
TOTAL U. S.	104.0	46	21	30	3
RELIGION—R. Catholic	23.7	39	23	35	3
Protestant total	71.1	45	22	30	3
Baptist	18.0	37	33	28	2
Methodist	16.6	49	19	29	3
Lutheran	7.9	53	14	31	2
Presbyterian	7.2	49	15	33	3
Episcopal	3.0	58	6	33	3
Congregational	1.6	71	7	20	2
Other denominations	16.8	40	27	31	2
Jewish	3.5	84	1	13	2
Other and None	5.7	69	6	16	9
SEX—Men	51.5	49	18	29	4
Women	52.5	42	24	31	3
AGE—18-24	11.8	56	21	21	2
25-34	23.4	52	17	29	2
35-44	22.3	50	19	28	3
45-54	20.0	43	20	32	5
55-64	13.7	40	22	35	3
65 & over	12.8	28	34	34	4
RACE—White	93.7	47	20	30	3
Negro	10.3	40	32	24	4
EDUCATION—0-8th grade	25.0	37	29	31	3
1-3 years' high school	19.8	48	22	27	3
High school graduate	39.4	50	17	31	2
1-3 years' college	7.3	52	15	31	2
College graduate	12.5	55	13	26	6
OCCUPATION—Professional	9.3	50	18	28	4
Proprietor or manager	9.4	53	15	28	2
White-collar worker	19.5	47	17	34	2
Service worker	10.4	48	25	25	3
Manual worker	40.9	46	23	28	3
Farmer	13.0	36	27	37	*
Other	1.5	34	23	38	5
INCOME—Upper	17.7	50	14	32	4
Middle	53.0	47	20	31	2
Lower	33.3	43	27	27	3
CITY SIZE—Over Million	12.1	52	17	25	6
100,000-1 Million	18.6	50	19	28	3
25,000-100,000	12.2	41	23	33	3
10,000-25,000	8.2	50	19	27	4
Under 10,000	35.9	48	20	30	2
Rural	17.0	37	29	32	2
REGION—New England	6.4	43	15	39	3
Middle Atlantic	20.8	54	16	27	3
South Atlantic	14.6	37	31	30	2
East South Central	7.9	43	30	25	2
West South Central	10.0	32	27	39	2
East North Central	21.0	51	18	27	4
West North Central	9.7	43	18	38	1
Mountain	3.5	50	23	21	6
Pacific	10.1	56	15	27	2

*Less than one-half per cent.

Q. 16-a. Which ARE you more serious about?



of 55% who are not living for the pleasures of the moment.

Negroes showed more consistency between belief and practice than whites, with 32% saying they were really most serious about the next life as against 56% who thought they should, a gap of only 24% as compared with the gap of 31% between the belief and practice of white people (51% vs. 20%). Even though the proprietors and managers reported a pathetic 15% as most concerned with life after death, their belief-practice gap was 29% as compared with the gap of 34% among farmers (61% vs. 27%).

The distressing thing about this aspect of the answers to the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey is not so much

the fact that so few Americans are concerned with preparing for the next life as that so few live up to what they themselves think is right.

Yet, if we are honest, not many of us can say that we always live exactly according to the dictates of our conscience. We are all children of Adam (who fell) and we are all of us, save one, the Mother of Christ, born with original sin.

At least we can be thankful for the contemplatives, the thousands of monks and nuns in monasteries and convents all over the world whose entire lives are dedicated to prayer and good works. We can be especially thankful that their energies are bent, not toward the salvation of themselves alone, but for all of us poor sinners.

Next Month

The CATHOLIC DIGEST Survey of Religion in America will be continued in the June issue with an article on converts. Who makes more converts, Protestants or Catholics? What percentage of Catholic layfolk have ever even bothered to try in any way to help anyone enter the Church? Guess now, but be prepared to be shocked! This survey was made for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by the public-opinion research firm of Ben Gaffin & Associates, Board of Trade Bldg., Chicago 4.

Mass on TV

The National Broadcasting Company in co-operation with the Catholic Archdiocese of Washington and the John Carroll Society presents the Mass for Shut-ins.

From a temporary chapel in the Continental Room of the Wardman Park Hotel, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being televised for the benefit of the sick and aged and also for the better understanding of the religious life of the community.

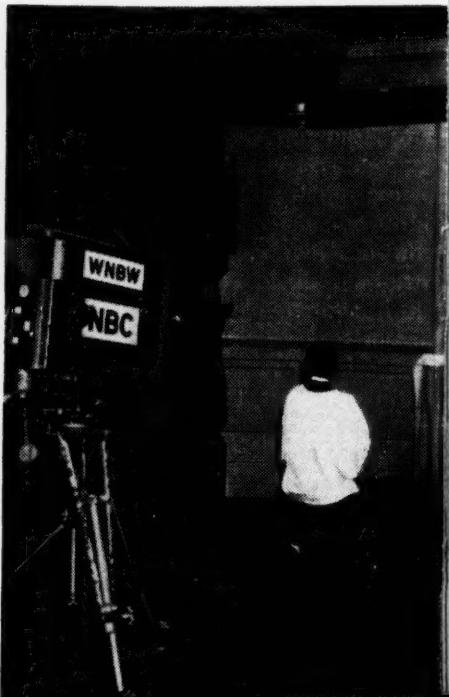
For Catholics physically able to attend Mass, his presentation does not suffice to fulfill their obligation.

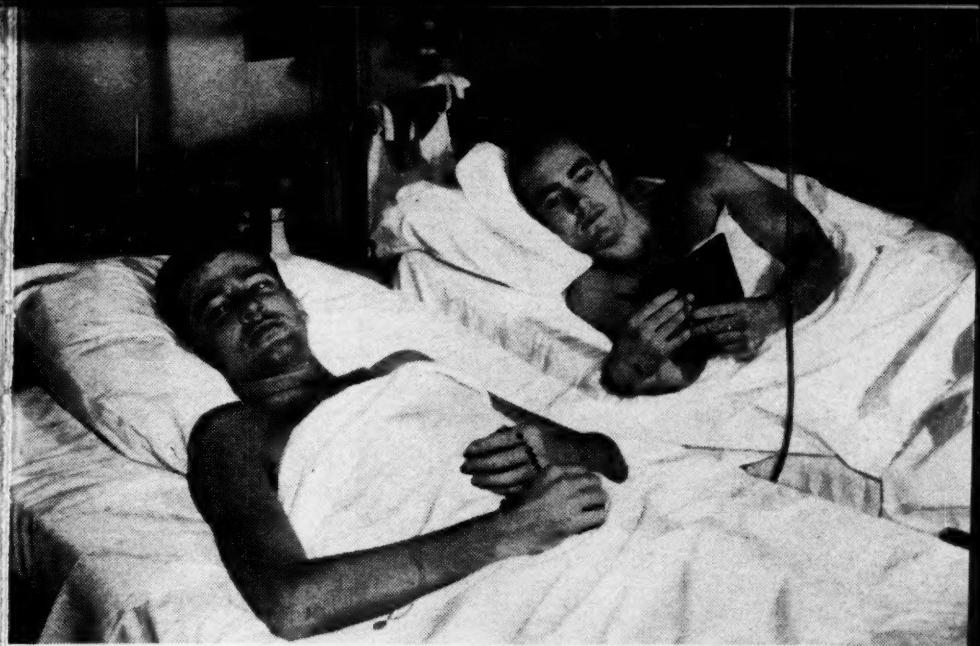


Marilea Swenson, 7, and Celeste Scire, 3, in the Georgetown hospital children's ward.

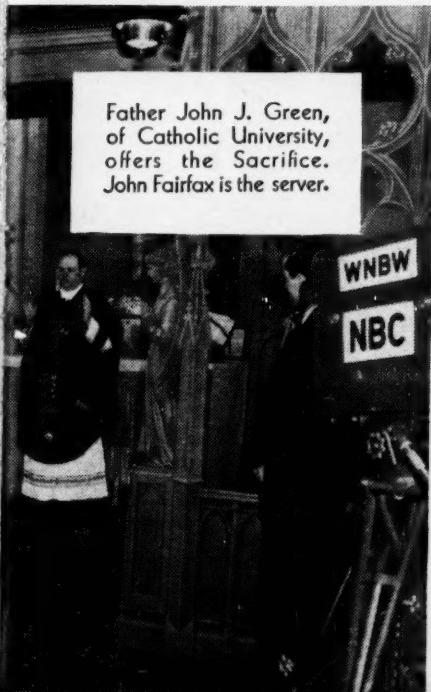


Paralyzed Frank Smith, 30, in his home at Chevy Chase, Md.

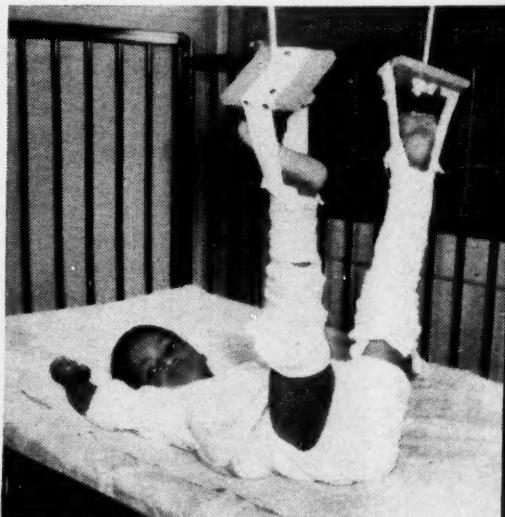




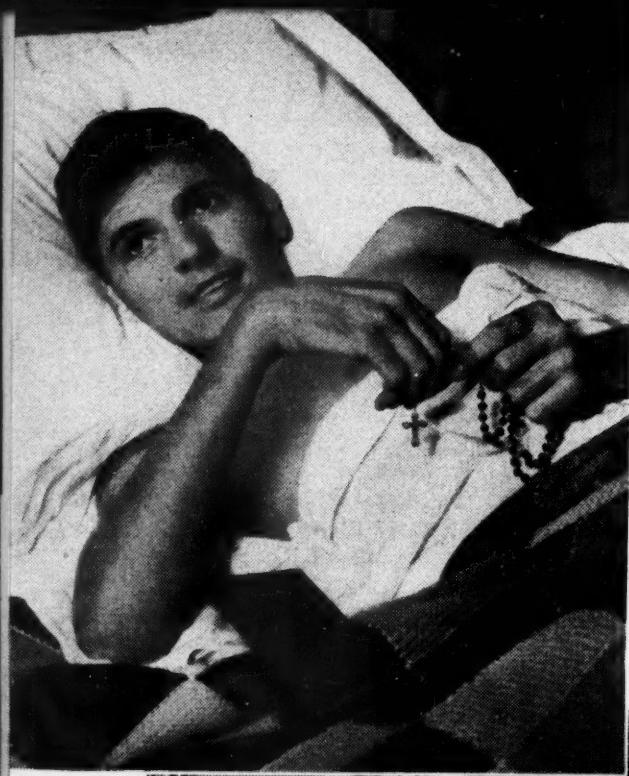
Cpl. Robert Lenox, Rahway, N. J., is a quadraplegic in Walter Reed hospital. Airman 2/c Lyle J. Booth, Arvada, Colo., will soon make his First Communion.



Father John J. Green,
of Catholic University,
offers the Sacrifice.
John Fairfax is the server.



Reginald Price, 3, watches the mystery of the Mass while in traction at Children's hospital.



Pfc. George A. Reznek, Johnstown, Pa., daily communicant at Walter Reed hospital, hopes to walk again, perhaps this year.

For 13 years, Mrs. George A. Geiger, who lives in St. Ann's parish, has never been able to go to Mass.

Reni photos



The Silent Sisters

There is only one Congregation of this kind in all North America

By HENRY F. UNGER

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**



THE LITTLE SISTERS of Our Lady of Seven Dolors in Montreal are unique. They are the only Sisterhood in America which welcomes deaf candidates.

The Congregation has been attracting deaf candidates to its novitiate since its founding on April 1, 1887, by the saintly Canon F. X. Trepanier. This tiny Community of 50 professed Sisters and five novices forms a Community within another, the larger being the Sisters of Charity of Providence, founded in 1843 by Mother Gamelin.

The parent Order was in 1887 already noted for its work with deaf and dumb and often blind children and adults. It soon realized that deaf students of their school and elsewhere were eager to join the Congregation as nuns. Three girls were accepted, but the difficulties were too many for the serious-minded girls. They could not keep pace with the spiritual exercises of the hearing Religious. Yet the girls, despite this handicap, could

not be turned into the world. In addition, nine other girls were eager to join the Congregation.

To eliminate the problem, a general chapter in 1886 decided to found a separate Congregation exclusively for the deaf, under authority of the Superior General of the Sisters of Charity of Providence. A separate novitiate was erected at the Order's Institution for Deaf Mutes, 3725 St. Denis St., Montreal. Nine deaf postulants were admitted. They were placed under direction of a Sister of Providence. Five persevered and made their Religious profession in 1890. To date, the institution has rehabilitated almost 3,000 deaf mutes.

The deaf nuns are always directed by a hearing Sister of Providence who understands the methods of instruction and the particular needs of the deaf. Thus, the deaf nuns do not find their handicap overwhelming. They assist the hearing Sisters in teaching, supervising, caring for the sick, sewing, knitting, weaving, cooking, and general housework.

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio. January, 1953. Copyright, 1952, by the Franciscan Fathers of St. John Baptist province, and reprinted with permission.

The deaf Sisters might fool you with their lip-reading ability. Some, not so proficient, use signs freely, especially for English-speaking companions. The Congregation includes several girls from the U.S., but the majority are French-Canadian. Only two of the deaf sisters use hearing aids.

Not one professed Sister has ever left the Congregation. Since the founding, 70 deaf Sisters have been professed. Of these, 50 are living. Many novices have, of course, returned to the world, lacking a vocation.

Apart from following a few rules not found in the ordinary Sisterhood, the deaf nuns carry on their daily tasks with little upset. They are awakened by the turning on of lights in the morning. They use the same book of rules, meditations, and manual of prayers as the hearing Sisters. They cannot sing in chapel; before their evening meal one of them sign-reads a paragraph from the *Imitation of Christ*.

The more gifted deaf Sisters are assigned to the Institution of the Deaf, which has the same address. They study teaching methods. Then, armed with a diploma, these deaf nuns join the hearing nuns in teaching the more than 400 pupils the principles of education and the love of God.

Children as young as four years are taken into the kindergarten class. Deaf girls ranging from ten

to 15 years of age and even older, with no education whatever, are often brought to the Sisters. They are given a trial, and if educable, remain. Adults are accepted in the home department at any age. Many are in their 80's.

The child is taught to speak and to read lips, and then the Sister teaches them *viva voce*. Writing is a secondary memory aid. By writing, the pupils learn to relate ideas directly to spoken words. This makes their speech more spontaneous.

Each teacher has full charge of a class of eight or ten girls who stay with her for years, often during the entire eight-grade course. The girls frequently correspond with the Sisters after leaving school. The bond is lifelong.

Many of the pupils, grounded in the thorough methods of the deaf and hearing Sisters, have gone on to rich, fruitful lives in the outside world. Recently, the son of one of the graduates became a priest. Another former student, the celebrated Madame Corinne Rocheleau-Rouleau, wrote a book about the work of the Sisters with a deaf and blind girl, Ludivine. She was praised by the French Academy for her brilliant analysis of their teaching method.

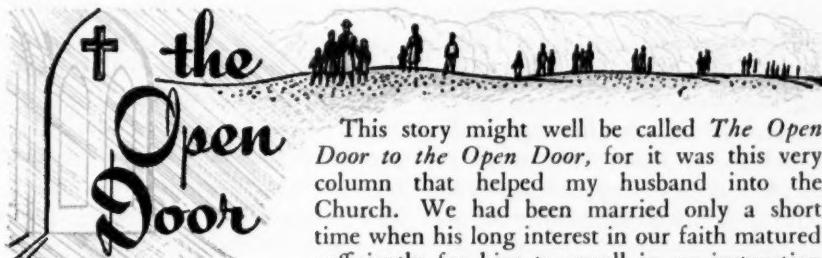
To strengthen the bond between graduates and Sisters, a Social Service for Deaf-Mutes was formed in 1946. About 200 former pupils assemble twice a month at their

Alma Mater for Mass, catechetical instruction, and to meet their former teachers. Also, when possible, they stay a week at the Villa Notre Dame de Fatima, a summer camp of the Social Service for the Deaf.

The Congregation has definite rules for admission. The age of 20 is generally the most suitable, according to the Superior, Sister Thérèse de la Trinité. Applicants over

30 years old must have a dispensation from their bishop. The candidates are expected to have the equivalent of a grade-school education and a reasonably developed judgment.

Applicants must spend one year in the Institution for the Deaf before being admitted to the postulancy. They may be French, English, Canadian or American.



This story might well be called *The Open Door to the Open Door*, for it was this very column that helped my husband into the Church. We had been married only a short time when his long interest in our faith matured sufficiently for him to enroll in an instruction class. However, as an air-force pilot he was beset by chronic setbacks: absences on flights, change of instructors, and change of station.

When, on arrival at our new station, we found that we would be there only six months before leaving for overseas duty, he said that he was too discouraged to start all over again with such a time limit. My prayers were redoubled, but nothing seemed to help.

A few weeks later I was hospitalized with the birth of our first child, and passed much of the time reading. It was then I read in *The Open Door* of a woman who was converted by the Knights of Columbus correspondence course in religion. This seemed the perfect answer, and I wrote to the director before I left the hospital. His immediate and personal answer was appreciated by my husband, who requested the course almost by return mail.

Three months and six lessons later, after a few brief conversations with our parish priest, my husband was baptized, as happy a man (and wife) as could be found. Prior to reading *The Open Door*, neither of us had known that such a thing as correspondence courses in religion existed. Before we left that station, at least one other person was enrolled in the correspondence course.

Mary Jane Regan

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

How Much Should You Go in Debt?

Simple rules on how, when, and if to borrow money

By SYLVIA PORTER

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping**

You PROBABLY have a higher income today than ever before. You own more goods and enjoy more luxuries than ever before. But, if you're like millions of other Americans, you have bigger debts than ever before, too. You may owe thousands of dollars on your new home. Or you owe hundreds of dollars on your new car. Or you're paying a hefty chunk out of each pay check every month for installments on your refrigerator, TV set, washing machine, or food freezer.

Have you taken on a burden that could force you to your financial knees and send your country into another depression, or are you wise in buying things for which you couldn't possibly pay cash? How much debt can a family like yours, earning, say between \$3,000 and \$8,000 a year, safely take on?

Economists do not agree about the exact sum, because so much depends upon particular circumstances, but here are a few useful hints:

1. If you're in debt, it's not necessarily a sign you're in distress. It

may even mean that you're prosperous.

2. Debt has been excellent "speculation" during these past several years of inflation. If you took on a big mortgage to buy a house right after the 2nd World War, you're ahead of the game today. Your house is worth at least twice what you paid for it, and you've cut your mortgage debt quite a bit by now.

3. If you're young, have a good job, and can reasonably look forward to a rising income over the years, you can safely take on debts that may seem frightening on the basis of your present earnings and assets.

4. But if you're approaching the years when your income will be falling, you'd better not saddle yourself with long-term obligations.

And here are three more vital rules of thumb. 1. If you're buying a house, don't pay more than two and a half times your annual income before taxes. 2. If you buy furniture and appliances for that house, don't let your monthly in-

*March, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Hearst Corp., 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19.

stallments get beyond 10% of your monthly income before taxes. 3. If you buy a new car on time, your trade-in or down payment should come to at least one third of the price, and you should pay off your car loan in no longer than 24 months.

Attention to these simple rules can save you untold mental agony. An office manager in Detroit, earning \$7,500 a year, reports that he owes \$2,000 in addition to a large mortgage on his house. He adds, "When the baby comes, I'll have to start walking to work to save carfare." A housewife in Dallas moans, "We'd go stark, raving mad if we ever stopped to think about how many debts we have now." A Chicago businessman has an income in the high five figures. He admits, "For the first time in my life I'm using the installment plan. I'm paying for my wife's fur coat and our new car by the month. It feels funny."

Undoubtedly there are plenty of families who are up to their eyebrows in debt, and begging for trouble. Certain kinds of family, the liquor family, the social climbers, the wasters, shouldn't go into debt at all, and they are the ones most frequently in trouble.

Yet, for most Americans, their capacity to carry debt has at least kept pace with their willingness to take on debt. After all, our national income *after* taxes is three times what it was in 1939, and twice that

of the previous boom year of 1929. And only a small percentage of borrowing these days is emergency borrowing. Actually, on a percentage basis, our 40 million American families are carrying less of a debt burden today than at any time during the last 20 years. Another fascinating fact is that the families borrowing most are in the middle-to upper-income brackets!

The average family's savings are much greater than its debts. The family in the \$3,000 to \$4,000 bracket has an average of \$1,325 in debts, but it has savings averaging \$1,822. In the \$5,000-\$7,500 bracket, the average family's assets are more than double its debts. In the \$7,500-and-up bracket, the average family's debts amount to \$3,207, but its assets come to \$11,250.

A New York merchant says, "We don't have nearly as many cash customers as we had in the old days, but when we investigate our credit customers, we find that they have substantial savings accounts. They seem to want to hang on to their fluid cash reserves, and use the installment plan for buying goods."

America's attitude toward debt has changed profoundly in the last 50 years. Not long ago, people considered it humiliating to have a mortgage on their house. If you owed money on your furniture, it was an admission that you hadn't quite made it, financially. You'd certainly never discuss the subject

of your debts at a party. But now, what was once a shameful secret is an accepted fact of family financial life. Many a social gathering winds up in a heated discussion of mortgage rates, and repayment terms on television sets, refrigerators, cars, and carpeting.

This changed attitude toward borrowing has helped make possible the spectacular rise in the American standard of living during the 20th century. Without the demand for goods created by installment buying, our great factories would never have been built. Wisely planned, going into debt can actually be an encouragement to thrift.

There is one point that should be kept firmly in mind. The first deductions from your income must be for food, clothing, and shelter. Your shelter costs can be either your monthly rent or your mortgage payments, plus the cost of heat, utilities, and upkeep.

Once you have a clear idea of what you must pay for these basic necessities of life, you can prudently decide how much of what remains can go for installment buying. You can't pledge 10% of your income here, 25% income there, and 50% somewhere else without soon committing your entire pay check. Don't try to buy too many things at once, or you will surely find yourself on the financial treadmill.

Suppose you earn about \$400 a

month. You should be able to handle mortgage installments of about \$40 a month without trouble. If you are lucky enough to own your house outright, you will have that much more for other kinds of installments. If you want to take 36 months to buy a new car, your first ten and a half monthly installments will go for financing and insurance charges. But if you pay one third down and take only 24 months to pay, your first five payments will cover those charges.

Be sure to establish your credit early in your working career. Then maintain that credit as carefully as you would an insurance policy. Credit is always easiest to get when you need it least. If you have a steady job and a good income, any bank officer will welcome you with open arms. It's when you're in good financial shape that you should establish yourself as a credit risk. If the day ever comes when you need to borrow in an emergency, you'll be able to get the money as quickly as you need it.

Right after he got his first job, Joe Smith borrowed \$400 from a New York bank to buy some furniture. When he'd paid that back, he borrowed \$200 more to pay for a vacation. He repaid that just as promptly. When he decided to get married and wanted to borrow a substantial sum, he had no trouble getting it. He was down in the books with an A rating. "Come back any time," the loan officer

told him. "You established your credit when you should, early."

Borrowing to buy not only helps you get the things you need, it will discipline you in the habit of saving. Because you have to put aside a certain sum every month to meet your loan, you will tend to save that amount each time even after the loan is repaid.

When you borrow to buy a major item, borrow exactly as much as you need, no more and no less. Suppose you spot a used car that looks good to you. It costs \$1,000. As you fill in your loan application, you suddenly decide to borrow \$1,100, so you'll have a little leeway. But the chances are you'll buy nothing worth while with that extra \$100. You'll fritter it away, spending \$5 on this and \$20 on that, until the \$100 is gone. Yet you will owe \$1,100 and pay interest on every dollar of it, but you will have only \$1,000 worth of the lasting, desirable item for which you went into debt. On the other hand, if the car costs \$1,100, don't try to get by with a loan of only \$1,000, unless you have sufficient savings. You may have to take out another loan and pay additional financing costs you'd never counted on.

Learn how to borrow money and where to borrow it. Shop for a loan just as carefully as you shop for the item you're going to spend the money on. If you borrow from a bank, your cost will be from \$4

Money for Men

THE PURPOSE of the economic and social organism is to obtain for its members and their families all the goods that the resources of nature and of industry, as well as a social organization of economic life, are capable of obtaining for them. Managers of industry and workers are here cooperators in a common task: both of them are called upon to derive their livelihood from the actual and total income of the economy.

If we think of the great riches lying dormant, or squandered in useless spending, which if put into circulation could contribute through judicious and profitable use to the welfare of so many families, is it not a service to the common good to contribute opportunity to a rebirth of confidence, to stimulate credit, to check egoism, and promote in this way a better balance of economic life?

From a letter by Pope Pius XII to the Semaine Sociale, Dijon, France (22-27 July '52).

to \$12 per \$100, depending on what terms you can make and how long you take to pay back the loan. If you borrow from a licensed small-loan company, your costs will range from \$11 to \$19.50 per \$100. Because loan companies take bigger risks than banks, they charge higher rates of interest.

Under no circumstances should

you borrow from an *unlicensed* loan company. If you have a life-insurance policy with a cash value, you can borrow against it for a cost of about \$5-\$6 per \$100. Or if you're a member of a credit union or a savings-and-loan association, these may be your best sources.

Beware of come-on advertisements that would coax you to buy on a no-money-down, take-a-life-time-to-pay basis. All government controls are now off. It is, therefore, up to us, as individuals, to set our own standards. Remember, what may appear the easiest, cheapest credit terms may turn out to be the toughest, most expensive terms in the long run. "No down payment" may be wonderful for a small item, paid over a short term, but it may be a long, bitter pull over the long term. The more money you pay down at the start,

the less you'll have to pay every month, and the less the strain on your pocketbook. The quicker you pay off your loan, the smaller your interest charges.

A final hint: before you take on any debt, ask yourself, "Am I good for it?" If your answer is a strong Yes you are within your own safety limit. Ultimately, what you can safely take on depends on your current income, your future prospects, your thrift habits, and the size of your family. John Smith and Peter Jones may have identical incomes, but their debt-safety limits are probably very different because their peculiar circumstances differ.

You must make the final decision on how much you can safely go in debt. But if you follow the simple rules of borrowing, you'll not only protect your family, you'll safeguard your country, too.



Progressive Education in China

MARYKNOLL Father James P. McGinn of Philadelphia, recently expelled from China, was an educational exhibit for his Red captors.

After several days in prison, he says, he was led to an open space where a stage had been erected and a huge crowd gathered. Soldiers forced him to his knees and accusations were hurled at him by previously rehearsed "witnesses." He heard small boys giggle and say, "This is a funny act. I have seen it done before." Then ten women were brought before him. A guard pushed the kneeling priest's face to the floor and then let him start to rise; then a woman jammed her finger against his nose, shouting, "Down with the American imperialist." As soon as Father McGinn started to object, his face was pushed to the floor again, and the next woman took up the accusations.

During a breathing space in the proceedings, which lasted two hours, one of the officials whispered to the priest, "Don't feel too bad about this. The people really like you. This is just an act to educate the people."

China Missionary Bulletin (Feb. '53).

Our Interracial Marriage

An American girl finds wedded life happy with her West Indian husband

By NANCY GRENELL DU BOIS

Condensed from "Be Not Solicitous"*

MY HUSBAND is a West Indian by birth. His father was a redheaded Frenchman and his mother a brown-skinned woman. I am an American of French, English, and Irish descent. When my husband first asked me to marry him, I said, "No, indeed." My life was set in its permanent pattern.

The idea of our getting married raised a furor. I was called on the phone by the president of my former Catholic college. She said that she wished to put in her protest before it was too late. A monsignor told me a long, sad story about an Italian-Irish marriage that turned out badly because of different "races." Another priest said that while marriage is a personal affair ours couldn't possibly turn out well because of our different backgrounds.

I was warned that I would have to spend the rest of my life in the black ghettos of America. I was warned that I could never travel

again. I was warned that my children would be doomed to untold misery. I was told that I would ruin my family. I was told that I was ignorant, stupid, selfish. I was advised that though the Church did not prohibit such marriages I might very well retard the work of Interracial Catholic Justice by many years. It was in that work that I met my husband.

But in the autumn of 1944 we were married, with five priests at the altar and a lot of friends in the pews. Most of my young associates gave me only love and warm encouragement.

After seven years, I am more mature and, I trust, wiser. I can see that much of the criticism from my friends came because they loved me; they did not want me to get hurt.

My husband never wavered during our engagement. He held steadfast to his conviction that this was the marriage for him (and ac-

*Edited by Maisie Ward. Copyright, 1953, by Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York City 3, and reprinted with permission. 254 pp. \$3.

cordingly, for me). He felt that since God, using the Church as His voice, did not oppose it, what others felt and said was their business, not ours.

His judgment proved sound. God has blessed our marriage with attractive, intelligent children, and we share a love and companionship that has grown with the years.

I can only write of my own experience, as this is the only marriage I have ever contracted, or ever expect to. My husband has been an orphan since he was six; there was no question of my being accepted or rejected by his family.

I have a mother living a couple of thousand miles away. She is not a Catholic, and has never really been agreeable to the fact that I became one when I was 19. She had never known any Negroes except those who worked in the house for her.

She is intelligent, kindly, and Christian. But she accepts the customs of her social class without probing the whys and wherefores. Her eyebrows go up when those of others do. She is not consciously anti-Jew, anti-Negro or anti-anything. She was reared, and then reared her family, in the typical middle-class, well-to-do American pattern. In that system, daughters marry professional men and sons become successful professional or business men.

When I wrote to her of my forthcoming marriage she was

shocked and horrified—with her background you couldn't expect anything else. But she bowed to the inevitable at last, and accepted it well, considering. She first visited us when our eldest son was nine months old and our second child well on the way.

She said she came to spend one night; she remained two weeks. When she left, she kissed my husband good-by and told me that we had the happiest home she had ever been in. She showed the same tenderness toward her little golden-skinned, brown-eyed grandson as she does now to another grandson, my sister's child, who is blond and blue-eyed.

This great change was mainly due to my husband's patient and intelligent re-education of her way of thinking. Their discussions were long and deep. The rest of it sprang from the fact that we do, through the goodness of God, have such a happy home that she was bound to feel and see it. She didn't, as she had feared, find her daughter weighed down with the misery of a misalliance. She found me a happy mother and wife, with good friends, a cheerful apartment, and lots to do. Since that visit, we've had no more complaints about our marriage.

I don't know how many friends my husband lost by marrying me, because he has never said. For myself, I am conscious of losing just one, a pleasant girl whom I liked

very much. She had been helping in interracial work herself when I first knew her. But carrying interracial relations into marriage, it seems, was too much for her. I've never heard from her since.

Oddly enough, those of my friends whom I knew before I ever went to Harlem, before I was even remotely interested in interracial things, have never criticized my marriage.

I fully expected to lose some of them. I have a close friend who lives in California. She visited us shortly after our second baby arrived. There are only two Negro families in the town she lives in, and her knowledge of such matters is at least hazy. She accepted my husband just as though he were Bill Jones, the boy next door.

Maybe that is just being a superb friend. I don't know. Anyway it is good enough for me. Through our marriage we have made some new friends, as well as having kept 99% of the old ones.

One of the arguments against interracial marriage, which I have heard over and over again, is that the children of such a union will suffer. We have had at least half a dozen interracial couples contemplating marriage come to see us since we were married. Most of them were sent by priests.

The question of children always seems to worry these couples a lot. Our oldest boy is only six, so I can't judge yet how much our chil-

dren will suffer because they were born of a mixed racial union, but I am of the same opinion as I was at first. And that is that they will not suffer very much, for they are children of a happy home.

Catholic children are trained to obedience, to love God and their fellow men, to put first things first. They will suffer some, but that is part of living in an imperfect world.

Our oldest son, who is in the 1st grade at the parochial school, asked me recently if he were "colored." I told him he was. He was very pleased. In his school, out of more than 500 students there are only five colored children.

One day when I was visiting the school one of his pals (a favorite word in that age group) asked me if my son were colored. I, of course, said Yes. He looked at him closely, then said, "Are you his mother?" I said Yes again. Then he said, "Go on, he's just tanned!" Now, how would you answer that?

Yes, my son is colored, and in America that means a second-rate citizen. But not in the eyes of God. And we hope to give him the self-respect and wisdom to understand that the opinion of the majority is not necessarily the correct opinion: that it depends on him, and above all on his trust in God, and his understanding of human frailty.

No one in his right mind could look at my son's father and say he is second-rate anything. His skin

is brown, and his mind, his soul, and his heart are of a quality that need no apology. What the future holds for my children only God knows. We think that they are less handicapped than millions of other children in the world today.

I would not get on a platform and advocate interracial marriage for anyone. Marriage is between two people—and God. But neither would I discourage it as such.

The problems of interracial marriages are like the problems of any marriage; each has its own. In any relation, certain aspects are enlarged, others minimized. Until recently, we lived in a large city, and city people are notorious for leaving their neighbors alone. Now we live in a small town and are, I believe, the only interracial couple here. Thus far no one has put any

flaming crosses on our lawn, nor do we expect them to. We have heard that our neighbors across the road call us Niggers, but we also heard that they called the people we bought the house from Wops. There are always such folk in the world. They do not hurt us, but do remind us to grow in tolerance ourselves. To some persons an Englishman is a Limey and the Irish are Micks. I suppose it gives them a sense of superiority to belittle others.

Perhaps God plans marriages such as ours, and blesses them. Perhaps, in His infinite wisdom, He uses such unions to teach the stubborn ones among His children that we *all* are His children. What God has joined together—my brown-skinned husband and me—let no one put asunder.



How Your Church Can Raise Money

MORE FUNDS were needed to assure construction of the community hospital in Cando, N. Dak., to be operated by the Sisters. The Catholic Ladies' Guild undertook to raise \$1,000. We decided on a parcel-post sale. A plea in verse for parcels to be sold was mimeographed on post cards; soon the parcels began to arrive from all over the country. A furniture dealer asked us to pile them in his window, with a sign explaining when and where they would be sold. They did a splendid job of silent advertising; they were sold unopened; and we turned in \$1,331.

Loretta E. Murray.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

A Start in Business

America is still a land of opportunity

By LESTER DAVID

Condensed from *Bluebook**

A YOUNG American adventurer who owns a trading post up in Alaska was visiting Eskimo homes in frost-bitten Kotzebue. He watched the natives struggling to keep warm in the 50°-below cold. They were burning seal oil and willow branches, waging a constantly losing battle against the blustery winds that seeped through the sod huts.

Tex Zeigler, 30-year-old former GI, knew that the tiny town of 200 population had electricity. That gave him an idea. On his next trip to the States, he went to the offices of the Electriglas Corp. in Bergenfield, N.J., and contracted for a supply of radiant-heat panels. The panels are made of tempered glass processed and wired so that they will generate heat after being attached to a wall plug.

Back in the icy north, Tex sold the panels to the Eskimos. They were an instant success. In return he got muskrat skins, ivory, native handicraft, and other items which he sold at a profit in his store.

Like Tex, hundreds of bright young men are succeeding in busi-

ness by providing people with products they could not ordinarily buy. Routine business makes money too, but there's always competition. If you can reduce the competitive factor, success is certain.

If people in your town want something and you're the only one who can supply it, there will be a well-beaten path to your door. It has happened over and over in the past and it is happening again today. Look at diaper service, frozen foods, home permanent waving. It works both in large enterprises and in small ones.

Sidney D. Ingram and Allen M. Miller of Brooklyn, N.Y., spotted a gap and proceeded to fill it. At 7 A.M. one cold morning, Sid Ingram's wife woke him and murmured, "Your turn to make the baby's formula today."

Sid yawned, got up, and shuffled sleepily into the kitchen. "Formula!" he grumbled as he got out the sterilizer, evaporated milk, dextromaltose, and the rest. "Takes an hour out of a man's life every other day!" Suddenly he was wide awake. Why not prepare formulas and distribute them to homes each

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. December, 1952. Copyright 1952 by Blue Book Magazine, McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

morning, like the morning paper or the daily milk supply?

That afternoon Sid called his brother-in-law, Allen Miller, and excitedly told him his plan. The two spent weeks working out the details. Then they lumped their savings, borrowed some more, and bought a delivery truck and laboratory equipment. They also rented a small building and hired a registered nurse.

They started operations after getting an OK from the New York City Department of Health. Basically, the idea was to prepare a 24-hour supply of formula from individual doctors' prescriptions submitted by the parents, and deliver it in sealed containers at a stated hour each morning.

It was the first time anything like it had been done in that area, and it took on immediately. And why not? The service cost only a few dollars a week, and delighted parents saw a way to rid themselves of the formula-making chore.

It can be anything, shop, service, a gadget. As long as it fills a community need, there's money in it for you. Young businessmen are proving it in the towns and cities, in rural areas, in every field of endeavor of which you can think.

Ray L. Schnaare, for instance, of the tiny town of Campbell Hill, Ill., owns a blacksmith shop on wheels that rolls right to the work. Ray has his smithy shop in a panel truck, complete with anvil, cutting

tools, and forge, and he roams over six counties within a 50-mile radius of his home. Farmers love the idea; it saves them valuable time.

Fred Barton dreamed up something as far removed from a smithy as you could imagine. Fred was a radio and Broadway actor who thought he'd like to break into television. One day he watched a TV play being produced in a studio for the first time.

He watched the actors trying to concentrate on their lines as cameras slid all over the floor, cables slithered every which way, microphones swung overhead, and people wigwagged back and forth. Mistakes were inevitable and plentiful.

In the days that followed, a thought began in Fred Barton's mind. Wasn't there a vital need in television for a really foolproof prompting system?

Cue cards, huge placards, were used occasionally, but were unwieldy. Barton spent two years perfecting a gadget, which was put to use for the first time in January of 1951. The lines to be spoken are typed by a special machine on strips of paper, and the letters, each about an inch high, unwind on a lighted roller just outside the camera's eye. An operator sits at the controls, regulating the speed of the word flow to the speaker's vocal stride.

Before very long, Arthur Godfrey, Robert Montgomery, Red

Skelton, and many other stars ordered the device. It received nationwide publicity last summer when it was used extensively at the Democratic and Republican national conventions in Chicago.

How can *you* find out what your community lacks and what its residents will pay to have? That's easy. Watch gripes in the papers.

Each gripe can be the inspiration for a money-making idea. For instance, vast areas in the country, particularly in the arid Southwest, are plagued by dust. The roads in and around communities are hot and dusty, and dust drifts into homes. In Tucson, Ariz., residents and visitors were complaining bitterly.

A couple of imaginative young men read this. Then they visited gasoline stations around the edge of town and asked the owners what they do with the hundreds of gallons of waste oil they drain from crankcases each day. They were told that the waste is kept until it gets in everyone's way, then discarded. They thereupon offered to cart it away for nothing.

On an old stripped automobile they mounted a 300-gallon tank and installed a used two-horse-power motor with a pump to force the oil through ordinary lawn sprinklers. The cost of the equipment was exactly \$300. Then with their tank filled with free oil, they went from house to house soliciting business. The business? Simply

downing the troublesome dust by sprinkling oil on the roads. Residents gladly paid the fee of \$10 per house for a three-month service period, during which their roads were kept dust-free.

House cleaning is rough on the homemaker; every housewife knows this. Why not organize a house-cleaning service to take over the chore? It's being done already, profitably, in Upper Darby, Pa., Manhasset, L. I., and several other areas. An experienced crew comes to a house, and, using scientific cleaning methods, leaves the place sparkling from cellar to attic within a few hours.

Giving people what they don't have is a great formula because it doesn't limit you in any way. If you have a special talent or ability, it lets you cash in on it. If you have no particular bent, you can still perform a needed job or service.

Look at the fellow with unique talents, who can paint, carve, spin a potter's wheel or create novelties. Look specifically at Lester Rees and Oscar Levine, a couple of Chicagoans. They knew that hand-painted plastic shower curtains were extremely popular, but they were all made on a job basis and very expensive. They decided to start their own business, to mass-produce hand-painted shower curtains at a reasonable price. Accordingly, they organized Stylestone, Inc., in 1946. Almost an entire year passed before they got their first

order. Then other jobs dribbled in from department stores, and the business began growing.

Today, the company's 300 employees, including 200 artists, create more than 12,000 hand-painted ensembles in 300 different patterns each week. In 1949, sales passed the \$1 million mark, and the firm has since increased its business by more than 50% each year.

An insurance salesman in Philadelphia loved dogs. He owned a small farm and a couple of dozen romping canines, and spent a good deal of time experimenting with various diets to improve their health. Neighbors began to ask for advice on the feeding of their pets, and he helped out cheerfully. About this time his insurance business fell off, and he went into the dog-feeding business.

For a few dollars, he had a dog menu printed, offering completely prepared meals, delivered to homes at a reasonable price.

Got a talent for cooking? Many women, with nothing more than a recipe handed down by grandma, now have small but nicely profitable home factories.

Roland Bolis, of Queens, N.Y., had an old family recipe for a Spanish-rice dinner! He took his recipe to a research chemist, who prepared a formula for him. Bolis set up a little factory, got a professional chef to come in as a partner, and now his mouth-watering dish

is selling extremely well. He's planning to expand.

Then there's the adventurous band of flying young men in Fresno, Calif., known as WHO. Western Helicopter Operations, Inc., does jobs for farmers and townsfolk of the region that they cannot get done as quickly or as efficiently in any other way.

A helicopter can spray crops speedily and thoroughly. The pilots take aerial photographs, survey snow-covered and rugged mountain terrain, spot fish for commercial fishermen, and even help battle forest fires and go to the rescue of the injured.

Now, if you want to get into a business off the beaten track, here are two important rules to follow.
1. Scour your area thoroughly. Ferret out a gap, some service your community needs and hasn't got. Then ask yourself, "Am I the fellow to do it; have I got the know-how or can I learn it?"

2. Armed with the business idea, get advice on how to put it into action. Go to your local banker; he will give you some vital do's and don't's. Get advice from the following sources also, each of which has business consultants to put you on the right road: your local chamber of commerce, the nearest local office of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and the closest regional office of the U.S. Department of Commerce.

Men of the Water Front

Joe Docks has been the forgotten man long enough

By BUDD SCHULBERG

Condensed from the *New York Times Magazine**

EVERYONE knows the names of the big men connected with New York's water front. The headlines are hogged by Anastasia, Joe Ryan, Mike Clemente, Big Bill McCormack, the polished executives of the great shipping lines, and influential stevedores. But there is a forgotten man on the water front.

His muscles move your groceries and your steel; he carries your baggage on his back. From his pocket comes the notorious kickback you have been reading about. He is the one who has to show up every morning for the "shape-up" you've been hearing about. He is the human material with which racketeers, masquerading as union officials, pull flash strikes. Thus they shake down shipping companies and force employment of such key personnel as boss loader and hiring boss. He is the man who performs the

most dangerous work in America, according to the statistics on labor injury and death.

He's the longshoreman, the dock-walloper, the little man who isn't there at investigations. Miners, railroad men, even sailors were fighting 50 years ago against work conditions that exist on the docks this very morning. Social security and old-age pensions are now accepted as economic facts of life by both major parties; the longshoreman does not have job security even from one day to the next.

It is this basic insecurity, breeding fear, dependence, shiftlessness, demoralization, that feeds the power of the mob. The weaker and more divided the dock workers are, the stronger and more brazen are the Anastasias, Bowers, Florios, and Clementes who are out to manipulate them.

I went down to the water front two years



*Times Square, New York City, Dec. 28, 1952. Copyright 1952 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

ago for what I thought would be a few days' research for a film about the docks. Long after I had enough material for a dozen waterfront pictures I kept going back. I was drawn by these forgotten men performing a thankless job in a jungle of vice and violence where laws have never existed.

I talked to the defeated, who shrug off every investigation as one more political maneuver. These men are resigned to grabbing a few crumbs from the gorillas who rule them. I talked to "insoigents," as they call themselves. They think the time finally is at hand when honest unionism can remove the killers, grafters and seller-outers, and institute regular, honest dock work.

About 35,000 men are paid longshoremen's wages in the course of a year. About half are regular longshoremen, men who depend on the work for their livelihood. The rest are what you might call casuals, now-and-theners who drift in to pick up an occasional extra check. Many of these are city employees, policemen and firemen who like to grab off the overtime money on nights and week ends. Some 50%, for instance, earn less than \$1,000 a year. Another 10% earn less than \$2,000.

About a third of all the longshoremen, 15,000 at most, earn from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year. These are the regulars, who have to hustle every day to keep meat and

potatoes on their families' tables.

An upper crust of favored workers averages more than \$75 a week on a yearly basis. The base pay of \$2.27 an hour sounds all right. It's the irregularity and mob intimidation that make longshoremen America's most harassed workmen.

Nine out of ten are Catholic, if not Irish Catholic, then Italian or Austrian. This accounts for the influence of certain water-front priests who have championed the dock workers. In a few dramatic cases they have challenged known hoodlums face to face on the piers. You will find the Irish on the West Side and in Brooklyn, some 6,000 of them. They are now outnumbered by the Italians. This fact explains the growing influence of the Italian underworld that controls the Brooklyn water front, as well as the Jersey, Staten Island, and East River docks.

Irish longshoremen are practical Catholics. Before the 7:55 A.M. shape, you will see them going to Mass at St. Bernard's, St. Veronica's or St. Joseph's.

The Irish longshoremen are kept in line by strong-arm boys and plagued by an inhuman hiring system. But they have a better deal than the Italians, who, in turn, are a notch above the Negroes. The colored men work in traveling gangs picking up the extra work when they can get it. They are often relegated to the hold, the job nobody wants.

The Irish are hardly ever asked to kick back any more. But the Italians and Negroes systematically kick back as much as \$5 per man per day. With 7,000 or 8,000 men kicking back, this quickly becomes big business; some \$30,000 or \$40,000 a day in illegal fees are passed up from the hiring boss to his superiors as part of the \$350 million illegal take from the New York harbor each year.

"It's a stinkin' feelin' standin' there in the shape every mornin' while some thievin' hirin' boss looks you over like you were so much meat," one of the Irish dockers was telling me the other day. "But once in a while an Italian gang is brought in to work with us, and that really looks like something you've heard about in Europe, not America. They work in a short gang, 16 instead of 20, so the cowboys c'n pick up the extra checks for themselves. But they've got to do the work of 20, or else. . . . If they squawk, the boys work 'em over or they don't get no more work. I've actually seen 'em beaten like cattle for a question.

"So the rules take a beatin'," my Irish friend went on. "In the first place, 90% never read the contract. In the second place, it's just a piece of paper if the shop steward and the delegate are part of the mob. Jerry Anastasia, for instance, he's a delegate. A lotta help you get from a stiff like that. Half them I-talians are ship jumpers, which leaves 'em

at the mercy of the trigger boys. They ain't citizens and they can't even apply for unemployment insurance. The way I see it we got it lousy and they got it double lousy."

Today most of the Irish workers are picked up by gangs, in this case a legitimate work group, not the Mickey Bowers type. Each gang has its own leader and when the hiring boss points to him it means his whole crew works that day. But the Italians, Austrians, and Negroes are still hired on an individual basis by gang carriers, exactly as in London 100 years ago.

Now, as then, two or three times as many men as will be needed loiter near the dock entrance. The hiring boss blows his whistle when a ship is ready to be loaded or unloaded. Now, as then, he will pick men according to his own whim and preference. But on too many docks in the great harbor of New York, the nod is given to the man who kicks back, buys tickets for benefits he will not be expected to attend, or signs up for haircuts in a barber shop where all the seats are filled by labor racketeers.

Thousands of longshoremen are wondering why a modern metropolis maintains so barbarous a practice. It was outlawed in England 60 years ago. It is now abandoned in nearly all American coastal cities but not in the great Port of New York.

How does the longshoreman

make ends meet? "Ya live f' t'day; ya never put nuttin' away; if ya need money, ya borrry it," I was told. Borrowing comes easy on the docks and is deeply imbedded in the system. The men passed over in the shape must have eating money and they get it from the loan sharks who are part of the mob.

If you "borrry" \$4 you pay back \$5, and the interest keeps mounting each week. A rap of 30% isn't unusual. Nor is it unusual for a longshoreman getting the nod in a shape to turn over his work tab to the loan shark who collects the debtor's pay directly from the pay office. So our longshoreman winds up a day's work by borrowing again.

"I was born in hock and I'll die in hock," a longshoreman told me in a Chelsea saloon. In some locals a longshoreman who wants to be hired has to go the route. He must come up with money for spurious "relief" drives, and must play the numbers and the horses with books belonging to the syndicate. In Brooklyn, Albert Anastasia had everything for six blocks in from the river. Longshoremen have to buy their wine, and their groceries and meat, from the mob stores.

Incomes are supplemented by regular filching of meat and liquor from the supplies flowing through the piers. Even the insurgents who are doing their best to buck graft and large-scale pilferage are no dif-

ferent in this respect. Their ethics may be questionable, but they stem from a deeply ingrained cynicism that is easy to understand.

For years they have watched the fantastic loading racket make off with whole shipments of valuables. The pilferage of ten tons of steel reported to the Crime commission by a shipping executive made front-page headlines, but it was hardly news to the dock workers. "If 5% of everything moving in and out is systematically siphoned off by the mob, why shouldn't I take a few steaks home for the wife and kids?" a longshoreman figures.

"Takin' what you need for your own table is never considered pilferage," it was explained to me rather solemnly. Shortly before Thanksgiving a longshoreman who could double for Jackie Gleason noticed barrels of turkeys being unloaded from a truck. He was not working that day but he simply got in line and waited for a barrel to be lowered onto his back. Everybody in his tenement got a free turkey.

Another longshoreman, known for his moxie in standing up to the goons of a pistol local ("one of them locals where you vote every four years with a gun in your back"), told me he was starved out on the docks for 60 straight days. "I stand there lookin' the crummy hirin' boss right in the eye but he never sees me." In a whole year he made less than \$1,500, and he

had kids to feed. "We couldn't've made out if I hadn't scrounged the groceries on the dock," he said.

Longshoremen have a feeling of being political orphans inevitably betrayed by the people for whom they vote. They'll tell you that their

cause has been ignored by politicians, police, and even the press. Still, they aren't fooled by communism.

Men in the Chelsea area are still bitter at the editorials calling their strike communist-inspired. The lo-

Education of a Skeptic

WHEN my newspaper friends told me, "Go down and see Father Corridan. He knows the score on the waterfront," I was startled.

I remember thinking something like this: "Of course I'm a tolerant fellow. But what would a Catholic priest be doing, butting into longshoremen's problems?" It sounded fishy to me. Just the same, with my skepticism intact, I went down to see Father Corridan at Xavier labor school. I found a tall, fast-talking blend of Hell's Kitchen Irishman, economist, and Christian.

We went around the corner to Billy the Oysterman's, but Father Corridan was too full of his subject to eat. He told me in vivid detail of the mob rule of the water front, and the reform movement that had been using his rectory as a refuge from the muscle boys.

Over the next two years I found myself dropping in on Father Corridan whenever I was in New York. I learned a good deal about the water front, but I learned even more about the danger of pre-conceptions.

Recently, Father Corridan presented to the New York Crime commission a blue print for stabilizing employment, eliminating the shape-up, setting up hiring centers, and securing other rights that have been won by organized labor elsewhere.

Many newspapers have endorsed the Corridan plan, not because its author is a priest, but because he was functioning primarily as a responsible American: facing up to something he had found to be wrong, and urging its correction.

From now on, if anyone suggests my talking to priests, rabbis, ministers—not to mention Legionnaires, CIO leaders, Seventh Day Adventists or what have you—I'm going to hear them out, and judge them on the basis of what they say and are, instead of going in with a cocksure prejudgment and a closed mind.

Budd Schulberg in a Spadea Syndicate release. (16 March '53).

cal involved, 791, is made up of staunch Irish Catholics, many of them under the influence of the water-front priest Father John Corridan. They are so rabidly anti-communist that they have been refusing for years to load war materials headed for Russia or China. It is safer to call these men communists in print than to deliver that opinion face to face.

"I belt guys for less 'n that," said an embattled member of 791, identified with opposition to Joe Ryan, to strong-arm methods, and to chronic insecurity on the docks. "Anastasia, that great patriot, he calls us commies. Florio and Di Brizzi—to those bums we're communists. Strange breed o' commies who never miss Mass in the morning and who'll give up a day's pay before they'll work a Russian ship. But I'll tell you one thing, if we don't clean this mess up ourselves, the commies'll have a nice fat issue all ready to take over."

Father Corridan, of the Xavier Labor school on the Lower West Side, has become a kind of one-man brain trust of the rank-and-file. He sums up the communist angle this way. "In '45, the communists did move in and try to take credit for the leaderless, rank-and-file strike. But right now their influence is nil, no matter what the ILA brass says. The men down here, almost without exception, are loyal, God-fearing Americans. The way to fight communism in the

labor movement is to accentuate the positive. Find out what the men really need to live healthy, happy, dignified lives, and then fight for it."

What longshoremen want most is an assurance that the job they're lucky enough to have today is the same one they'll have tomorrow, and next week, and next month. They don't want to keep wandering from pier to pier like a lot of miserable strays, begging for work.

Joe Docks, bottled up in his cramped cold-water flat or his water-front bar, doesn't get much chance to tell us about his life. But he doesn't like it. He's hard-drinking, two-fisted, high-strung, a rabid sports fan, an all-out friend, a dangerous enemy. He's also a loyal, religious, hard-working, responsible family man concerned with educating his kids and seeing them get a better break than their old man. He lives for the day when his job will be systematized through some plan of work rotation based on an adequate annual wage. He'd like some advance notice of where and when he's going to work. Today there is not even a central information service on shipping traffic; the men pick up their information as to job chances in the same chaotic way they did 100 years ago.

Joe Docks thinks he deserves something better than the hopelessly outmoded hiring system that delivers him into the hands of hardened criminals.

Jewish Ordeal in Russia

*All Soviet races are equal, but
Jews are "less equal than others"*

By EUGENE LYONS

THERE is no longer margin for doubt that anti-Semitism, the age-old cancer of the spirit, is gnawing at the vitals of the Soviet Union. It has been promoted to a state policy. It has been dramatized in arrests, trials, and paranoid accusations. The pogroms of yesterday's Russia are likely to be put in the shade.

To students of Soviet affairs this development is no surprise. They have seen it coming since the mid-1930's, when dislodgement of Jews from key posts began. The Soviet-Nazi pact of friendship in 1941 gave the convenient excuse of political necessity.

The collapse of the pact, however, did not halt the anti-Jewish trend. After the war it appeared in the guise of purges of "cosmopolitans," and "rootless people." Jews were displaced in government, the party, the arts, journalism. And now the evil thing has erupted full-blown, overt, along classic anti-Semitic lines.

The world's reaction is shocked astonishment. But why? Because two robust lies have taken root in world opinion.

The first lie is that the Soviets

have ordained absolute equality of all peoples. The second is that communism is somehow a "Jewish conspiracy." Both myths are as mischievous as they are false.

The claim of racial and national equality under the Soviets has been widely believed outside Russia. Even people opposed to communism in general often give the Kremlin good marks on that score. More than any other propaganda this claim has been effective in nourishing pro-Soviet sentiment among confused liberals and minorities like the Jews and Negroes.

The claim rests on an elaborate fiction. The "independence" granted to ethnic groups was only the right to hurrah for the Soviet regime in their own tongues. The things that give a race its unique character, its special culture, traditions, religious insights, ways of life, were punished as "national deviations."

The division of Soviet Russia into theoretically "independent and sovereign" republics and autonomous regions gave an illusion of self-rule. But when it served the Kremlin's purpose, it simply "abolished" entire republics, dispersing the in-

habitants in Siberia or Central Asia. That was the fate of some 500,000 men, women, and children of the Volga German Republic soon after the nazi invasion.

The Jews had no real independence. They were allowed to use Yiddish as their primary tongue, and until a few years ago had a Yiddish press and theater. But Hebrew, the language of their religion and aspirations, was forbidden. Everything in their literature and customs that seemed out of line with Bolshevik dogma was suppressed.

At most, the Jews enjoyed bitter equality with other slaves. On the spiritual plane, of course, Judaism was ridiculed and persecuted no less than Christianity and Moslemism.

Since the rise of a new Russian nationalism in the last 15 years, even the pretense of racial equality has been junked. First place has been assigned, in the Kremlin's words, to "the Russian people, the most advanced of the nations of the Soviet Union, the first among equals." Like the animals in George Orwell's fable, all Soviet races are equal but some are more equal than others.

But myths die hard. Having swallowed the lie of race equality in the USSR, the world has resisted evidence to the contrary, at least until the current vogue of anti-Jewish outrages. As recently as Sept. 3, 1950, a book reviewer in

the New York *Herald-Tribune* wrote casually, as if it were a fact needing no proof, that "racial prejudice has no place in the Soviet Union." A book just published by the incredible Corliss Lamont devotes 30 glowing pages to the "ethnic democracy" in the fatherland of his soul.

The second myth has been propagated by chronic anti-Semites these 35 years. It alleges that Jews made the Bolshevik revolution, profited by it, and have a special stake in preserving its handiwork. On the crackpot level it even spins fantasies about communist and Zionist kinship.

What are the facts about Red Russia and the Jews, as far as a short article can compass them?

Jews, of course, were conspicuous in the group that hijacked the popular revolution in November, 1917, and set up the Soviet police state: Trotsky, Sverdlov, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and lesser figures like Radek and Litvinov. Both in the leadership and in the lower bureaucracy their number was high in relation to the Jewish population.

This is the foundation fact on which the myth rests. But the bigots who seized upon it overlooked the larger fact that *all* minorities were disproportionately prominent in the Bolshevik movement. Names like Stalin (Djugashvilli), Ordzhonikidze, Yenukidze, Karakhan, Mikoyan (the list is extremely long) bespeak the important role played

by Georgians and Armenians. The first head of the OGPU, the architect of the Red Terror, Felix Dzherzhinsky, was a Pole.

The minority peoples, being the most underprivileged and insulted, tended to rebel against the established order. The Jews, as the worst victims, were especially drawn to the anti-Tsarists.

Thus it happened that Jews, Georgians, and Poles were numerous not only in the communist but in all radical parties. They were conspicuous in the Menshevik and other left groups opposed to the Bolsheviks. The biggest and until 1917 the most influential Jewish radical group was the Bund, a moderate socialist organization bloodily crushed by the victorious communists.

Jews, then as now, ceased to be Jews in all but name in the very act of joining the communists. They could no more remain real Jews than Lenin or Stalin could remain real Christians. But religion aside, they cut all contact with the Jewish community and its special problems and interests.

In the days of his glory, Trotsky was visited by a delegation of Jews seeking help. "Go home to your Jews," he told them brusquely, "and tell them that I am not a Jew and I care nothing for the Jews and their fate." Trotsky was speaking for all Jewish communists.

The Jews have suffered more grievously under Sovietism than

any other element in the Russian populace. They would have been less than human had they not rejoiced over the fall of the monarchy. Soviet rule removed ancient restrictions on their rights of residence, schooling, land purchase, and other normal activities. But history played them a scurvy trick. Along with their new rights they found themselves, through no fault of their own, the primary victims of the new intolerance.

Having been forbidden to make their living any other way, most of them were petty traders, shopkeepers, artisans with a few apprentices. This made them automatically "capitalists," the most wretchedly poor capitalists on record. They and their children were slated for "liquidation as a class," denied the rights extended to peasants and proletarians.

For every Jew who made his way in the Soviet political and economic bureaucracies, hundreds were stripped of their livelihood. Among the millions who ran away from the Sovietized Russia in the early years Jews were as numerous, in ratio to their total population, as non-Jews. Certainly this would have been a strange phenomenon had there been even a grain of truth in the legend of communism as a "Jewish plot."

Between 1921 and 1927, private trade and small manufacture were legalized again under the NEP laws. Of necessity, the Jews flocked

to these private fields and some of them prospered enormously. Thus they became "capitalists" again, compounding the original sin in the Red book. With the advent of Stalin to supreme power the Soviet-made capitalists became the special target of popular resentment. For millions of simple-minded Russians the term *Nepman* became almost a synonym for *Jew*.

When I arrived in Moscow as a foreign correspondent in 1928 the most miserable people in the country were the former "capitalists." There were millions of them. They were called *lishentzi*, meaning "disfranchised," and as such had no rights to food rations, living space, medical care or jobs in government. Their children were barred from the schools.

A startling fact, which makes cruel irony of the fairy tales that Jews favored or were favored by communism, is that nearly 50% of all Russian Jews at the time were *lishentzi*. It meant that close to 1½ million Jews were political outcasts, left to shift for themselves in a system lacking even organized charity to lessen their sufferings.

The Jews, in short, got it coming and going. On the one hand they were blamed for the crimes and hardships of the Red regime. On the other, they were penalized beyond any other group in the USSR.

The generation of Jews caught by the revolution was overwhelmingly devoted to its religion. Piety

was among them the rule rather than the exception. The antireligious laws and anti-God drives therefore hit them with special brutality. In Jewish towns like Minsk I saw how heroically Jewish families struggled to keep alive their religious traditions.

In its wretchedness and discontent, the general population reached out for scapegoats and found them ready to hand in the Jews. Let me cite two examples. Opposition of people to a government finds expression in hatred of officials with whom they come in direct contact. The ordinary Russian did not meet commissars and other top bosses. He came face to face with "the government" in the petty functionary, the pen-pushing clerk behind some little window where he came for ration cards, documents, licenses, complaints. And it happened that at this lowest level of bureaucracy Jews were very much in evidence, only because they were the most literate minority in Russia. In this way they were exposed to the direct fury of popular resentments against authority.

Another focus of vexation, in a time of shortages of food and other essentials, was the Soviet retail shop. It was there that men and women queued up for long hours in brutal weather only to find that there was nothing to buy when their turn came. The store managers and clerks who gave them the bad news were likely to be Jews. With the

old merchant classes obliterated, Jews with their trading background tended to take those unappetizing jobs. Thus they again took the brunt of anti-Soviet sentiment.

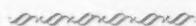
The result was that anti-Semitism, first despite the Kremlin and later with its connivance, grew apace. There is reason to believe that in depth if not extent it surpassed the records set under the old Tsarist regime.

The kind of supernationalism now being promoted does not sit well with the average Jew, the Jewish communist included. He cannot join convincingly in ecstatic worship of Ivan the Terrible and the pogrom-ridden past.

Neither is the Jew pliant material for the anti-Western indoctrination now under way. His culture is essentially Western, his mind too active for the know-nothing doc-

trines prescribed for Stalin's subjects. The very fact that many Jews have racial ties, if only relatives in America and Europe, outside the USSR makes them suspect to the Kremlin. Besides, the zeal for justice and righteousness inherited from the Hebrew prophets still moves the hearts of young Jews, and that is little comfort to the crime-soaked men in the Kremlin.

By instinct and historical experience the Jews are individualists, and feel in their bones that their best chance for survival is in a free society, where the person is respected. They have learned through the centuries that despots, even if they are temporarily "good to the Jews," turn against a helpless minority with added ferocity when expediency dictates a change. This lesson is being hammered home once more in the Soviet Union.



Lobby: From Monastery to Congress

MEDIEVAL life frequently centered about the monastery; people went there for medicine, legal advice, letter writing, and many other things besides spiritual guidance. So numerous were visitors that many had to wait outside the building, in the *lobia* or vine-covered walk that led into the monastery. This name seems to have come from an old German word *laubo*, which meant "leafy."

As other types of public buildings were developed, architects frequently included a waiting room. Though covered with a roof instead of leaves, it retained the name of the monastery's walkway. It entered modern speech as *lobby*.

U.S. law forbids persons to go upon the floor of Congress in an attempt to influence lawmakers. Consequently, the lobby soon came to be the place where *lobbyists* exerted political pressure.

Webb B. Garrison.

Monastery at Midnight

The cloister is still, the church full of memories, and from the tower the Trappist night watchman sees the stars

By THOMAS MERTON

Condensed from "The Sign of Jonas"*

WITH the clock slung over my shoulder, in the silence of a summer night, it is my time to be night watchman of our monastery.

Here is the way it is when I go on the fire watch. After the night Angelus, the Community disperses through airless cloisters, where yellow bulbs repel bugs. The watchman's clock and sneakers, together with a flashlight and keys, are kept in a box at the foot of the infirmary stairs.

Rumors behind me and above me and around me signalize the Fathers going severally to bed in different dormitories. Where there is cold water, some stay to drink from celluloid cups. Thus we fight the heat. With the heavy clock slung by its strap over my shoulder, I walk to the nearest window on my silent feet. I

recite the 2nd nocturn of Saturday, sitting outside the window in the dark garden, and the house begins to be silent.

One late Father stops to look out the window, and pretends to be frightened when he sees me sitting around the corner in the dark, holding the breviary in the yellow light of the window.

Eight-thirty. I begin my round in the cellar of the south wing. The place is full of naked wires, and stinks of the hides of slaughtered calves. I walk on a floor of earth, down a long catacomb, at the end of which is a brand-new locked door to the guest wing that was finished only the other day. I punch the clock for the first time in the catacomb, turn my back on the new wing, and the fire watch is on.



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In this musty silence which used to smell of wine (the winery is now in another building) the flashlight creates a little alert tennis ball upon walls and floor. Concrete now begins under the watchman's cat feet. Moonlight reaches through the windows into a dark place with jars of prunes and applesauce on all the shelves.

Suddenly, after the old brooding catacomb, I hit something dizzy and new: the kitchen, painted by the Brother novices, each wall in a different color. Some of the monks complained of the different colored walls, but a watchman has no opinions. There is tile under the shining vats and Scripture close to the ceiling: "Little children, love one another!"

There are blue benches in the scullery, and this one room is cool. Sometimes as you go up the stairs making no noise, a Brother comes in late from the barns through the kitchen door. He runs into you by surprise, is blinded by the flashlight, and (if a novice) he is probably scared to death.

For a few feet, the way is most familiar. I am in the little cloister which is the monastery's main stem. It goes from the places where the monks live to the places where they pray. But now it is empty, and like everything else it is a lot nicer when there is nobody there.

The steps down to the tailor shop have a different sound. They drum under my rubber soles. I run into

the odor of duck and cotton, mixed with the odor of bread. There is light in the bakery, and someone is working late, behind the oven. I punch the clock by the bakery door: it is the 2nd station.

The 3rd station is the hottest one: the furnace room. This time the stairs don't drum; they ring: they are iron. I fight my way through a jungle of wet clothes, drying in the heat, and go down by the flanks of the boiler to the 3rd station, which is there up against the bricks, beneath an engraving of the Holy Face.

After that, I am in the choir novitiate. Here, too, it is hot. The place is swept and recently painted and there are notice boards at every turn in the little crooked passageways where each blue door is named after a saint. Long lists of appointments for the novices' confessions and direction. Sentences from the liturgy. Fragments of severe and necessary information. But the walls of the building have their own stuffy smell and I am suddenly haunted by my first days in Religion: the freezing tough winter when I first received the habit and always had a cold; the smell of frozen straw in the dormitory under the chapel; and the deep unexpected ecstasy of Christmas—that first Christmas when you have nothing left in the world but God!

It is when you hit the novitiate that the fire watch begins in earnest. Alone, silent, wandering on

your appointed rounds through the corridors of a huge, sleeping monastery, you come around the corner and find yourself face to face with your monastic past and with the mystery of your vocation.

The fire watch is an examination of conscience in which your task as watchman suddenly appears in its true light: a pretext devised by God to isolate you, and to search your soul with lamps and questions, in the heart of darkness.

Here, when it was winter, I used to come after dinner when I was a novice, heavy with sleep and with potatoes, and kneel all the time because that was the only period in which we were allowed to do what we liked. Nothing ever happened: but that was what I liked.

Here, on Sunday mornings, a crowd of us would try to make the Way of the Cross, jostling one another among the benches, and on days of recollection in summer we would kneel here all afternoon with the sweat running down our ribs, while candles burned all around the tabernacle and the veiled ciborium stood shyly in the doorway, peeping out at us between the curtains.

And here, now, by night, with this huge clock ticking on my hip and the flashlight in my hand and sneakers on my feet, I feel as if everything had been unreal. It is as if the past had never existed. The things I thought were so important, because of the effort I put into

them, have turned out to be of small value. And the things I never thought about, the things I was never able either to measure or to expect, were the things that mattered.

After the novitiate, I come back into the little cloister. Soon I stand at the coolest station: down in the Brothers' washroom, at the door of the ceramic studio. Cool winds come in from the forest through the big, wide-open windows.

This is a different city, with a different set of associations. The ceramic studio is something relatively new.

The church. In spite of the stillness, the huge place seems alive. Shadows move everywhere, around the small uncertain area of light which the sanctuary light casts on the Gospel side of the altar. There are faint sounds in the darkness, the empty choir stalls creak and hidden boards mysteriously sigh.

The silence of the sacristy has its own sound. I shoot the beam of light down to St. Malachy's altar and the relic cases. Vestments are laid out for my Mass tomorrow, at Our Lady of Victory's altar. Keys rattle again in the door and the rattle echoes all over the church. When I was first on for the fire watch I thought the church was full of people praying in the dark. But no. The night is filled with unutterable murmurs, the walls with traveling noises which seem to wake up and come back, hours aft-

er something has happened, to gibber at the places where it happened.

Here, in this place where I made my vows, where I had my hands anointed for the holy Sacrifice, where I have had Your priesthood seal the depth and intimate summit of my being, a word, a thought, would defile the quiet of Your inexplicable love.

Now is the time to get up and go to the tower. Now is the time to meet You, God, where the night is wonderful, where the roof is almost without substance under my feet, where all the mysterious junk in the belfry considers the proximate coming of three new bells, where the forest opens out under the moon and the living things sing terribly that only the present is eternal and that all things having a past and a future are doomed to pass away!

This, then, is the way from the floor of the church to the platform on the tower. First I must make a full round of the house on the 2nd floor. Then I must go to the 3rd-floor dormitories. After that, the tower.

Cloister. Soft feet, total darkness. The Brothers have torn up the tent in the cloister garden, where the novices were sleeping two winters ago, and where some of them got pneumonia.

I am in the corridor under the old guest house. In the middle of the hallway a long table is set with knives and forks and spoons and

bowls for the breakfast of the postulants and family Brothers. Three times a day they eat in the corridor. For two years there has been no other place to put them.

The high, light door into the old guest wing swings back, and I am on the stairs. I had forgotten that the upper floors were empty. The silence astonishes me. The last time I was on the fire watch there was a retreat party of 50 men lined up on the 2nd floor, signing their names in the guest register in the middle of the night. They had just arrived in a bus from Notre Dame. Now the place is absolutely empty. All the notices are off the walls. The bookshelf has vanished from the hall. The population of holy statues has been diminished. All the windows are wide open. Moonlight falls on the cool linoleum floor. The doors of some of the rooms are open and I see that they are empty. I can feel the emptiness of all the rest.

And now the hollowness that rings under my feet measures some 60 feet to the floor of the church. I am over the transept crossing. If I climb around the corner of the dome I can find a hole once opened by some photographers and peer down into the abyss, and flash the light far down upon my stall in choir.

I climb the trembling, twisted stair into the belfry. The darkness stirs with a flurry of wings high above me in the gloomy engineer-

ing that holds the steeple together. Nearer at hand the old clock ticks in the tower. I flash the light into the mystery which keeps it going, and gaze upon the ancient bells.

I have seen the fuse box. I have looked in the corners where I think there is some wiring. I am satisfied that there is no fire in this tower, which would flare like a great torch and take the whole abbey up with it in 20 minutes.

And now my whole being breathes the wind which blows through the belfry, and my hand is on the door through which I see the heavens. The door swings out upon a vast sea of darkness and of prayer. Will it come like this, the moment of my death? Will You open a door upon the great forest and set my feet upon a ladder under the moon, and take me out among the stars?



This struck me

A Moscow radio broadcast: "To immortalize the memory of the great men, V. I. Lenin and J. V. Stalin, a monumental building—a pantheon—is to be built. Exposed coffins containing the bodies of Lenin and Stalin as well as the remains of other outstanding leaders of the Communist party are to be transferred to it."

Although graves of millions of liquidated Russians are not so conspicuous in architectural beauty, they will recall to the minds of future travelers in Russia a thought like that of the early American writer, Washington Irving, when he observed Westminster Abbey.*

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave; which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and minglesthe dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulcher of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulcher continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

*Westminster Abbey. From the *Oxford Anthology of American Literature*, Oxford University Press, New York City.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]



To Be Lucky in Love

A generous spirit will transform chance into good fortune

By A. H. Z. CARR

Condensed from "How to Attract Good Luck"*

LUCK enables us to move unscathed among the hazards of the world; it touches our days with the color of adventure; it guides us down the long corridor of opportunity, and quietly tells us which door to open. Every angler, whether he fishes for trout, treasure, or tranquillity, must weigh his catch in luck's mysterious scale.

In his vast summary of the divine plan, St. Thomas Aquinas allots a specific role to chance, the prime begetter of luck. In chance, he saw God's instrument for testing the spirit of men. And modern science finds, in the movement of

stars and electrons, dramatic proof of chance.

Chance is an infinite number of unpredictable happenings, both great and trivial, that constantly take place in the world. A volcanic eruption, the aimless flight of a barn swallow, the ripple on the water, the passage of a cloud—these and all other events that we cannot specifically predict, fall within the category of chance.

We ignore most of the chances we see in life. They don't have significance for us. But now and then a chance touches our personal interests; then it becomes significant,

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indeed. As soon as human emotions are affected by a chance, it becomes luck.

The wind blows a piece of paper across your path. You see it flutter in the distance, and walk past, your mind on other things. The paper has been set in motion by forces that you cannot control. It does not concern you. It is merely unpredictable chance, one of the millions of tiny events that befall everyone in the course of a day.

Suppose, however, that as the piece of paper flutters by, you discover that it is a \$10 bill. At once the chance takes on a new character. It affects you. The impersonal has become personal. Chance has become luck.

LUCK is the effect of chance on our lives. But chance is not the only element in luck. We also are involved. For it is our response to chance that provides the counterpoint in the harmony of events that we call luck. Whether and how chance affects us is largely determined by our own attitude and behavior.

Good luck can be induced. It lies within our power to influence, not chance, certainly, but our relation to chance. And by that very fact, no one can escape a measure of responsibility for his own luck.

Selfishness makes you a candidate for misfortune. Generosity of spirit consistently acts as a magnet for favorable chances.

Violinist Nathan Milstein could tell you how the power of generosity operates in the luck process. Several years before the outbreak of the 2nd World War, he was on a train in Czechoslovakia, en route to an important concert in Budapest. At the Hungarian border the train stopped, and a surly Hungarian officer swaggered through, examining passports. When he came to Milstein's, he barked out that there was an inaccuracy: the passport specified that Milstein was to enter Hungary by way of Pressburg, and here he was on a train from Prague.

Milstein explained that he had come from Prague because he had played a concert there. The technicality was obviously the result of some clerk's error, and not important, but the officer wished to show that he was important. Ignoring protests from other passengers, he ordered the youthful violinist off the train and told him to return to Prague. On the platform, Milstein ruefully watched his train disappear. No other train to Budapest would run on that line until the next day, yet he had to reach Budapest in time for his concert.

Someone called his name. He turned to see another Hungarian officer, this one young and amiable. The officer had recognized the young virtuoso from photographs in the newspapers. He told Milstein that he deeply sympathized. The other officer was an old crank,

disliked by everyone, but nothing could be done. As for automobiles, unfortunately, there was none to be hired in that little provincial town.

Accepting the situation philosophically, Milstein invited the friendly officer to dine with him. Carrying suitcases and Milstein's Stradivarius violin, they went to a little restaurant near by. There Milstein was enthusiastically received by the proprietor. Soon the eyes of all the other diners were on the violinist, and they were whispering about his plight.

It was obvious that everyone longed to hear him play. Good-humoredly, Milstein volunteered, remarking that since he could not play his concert in Budapest, he would at least play part of it here. Standing in the small provincial cafe, he played with no less feeling and care than he would have put into a performance for the gala Budapest audience. When he finished, there was wild enthusiasm, and men and women gathered around to thank him and to shake his hand.

Among those who spoke to him was a stranger. He had an idea. Near by was a hunting lodge belonging to Count Esterhazy, one of Hungary's most powerful nobles, and a noted patron of music. The count was away, but he, the stranger, knew the steward. Even if they did not have a car available, two fast horses might get Milstein to Budapest in time.

Within an hour, the stranger, the officer, and Milstein were at the lodge. The count's steward heard the story, and instantly fell in with the plan. His master was even then in Budapest, where he expected to attend the concert. The steward called for a carriage and a driver, and with warm farewells, Milstein headed for Budapest and a spectacular success.

Milstein's story rewards analysis, for it strongly suggests a means by which any man can strengthen his invitation to luck. The essential facts are these: Milstein showed generosity of spirit when he volunteered to play for the strangers in spite of his own worries. Although the people were aware of him, their awareness would have thinned away in a short time, but it was sustained and intensified by his



generous action. One of them, the stranger, had chance information of value to the violinist. Superficial awareness of Milstein's problem did not bring it to his consciousness. But with his attention sharply focused on the violinist, the crucial fact came to him, and he felt impelled to pass it along to Milstein.

GENEROSITY attracts good luck. Psychology gives us a strong, practical reason for this association. Generosity tends to evoke a similar feeling in the hearts of beholders. Your warm-spirited actions intensify and sustain awareness of you in the minds of others. The concentrated favorable attention of others increases the probability that they will remember a fact or conceive an idea beneficial to your interests.

Thus it is that, in a very large proportion of lucky episodes, an act of uncalculated generosity figures in the chain of events.

Note the adjective *uncalculated*. Doing good to obtain favors or make people grateful is likely to backfire. Few people really enjoy being grateful; gratitude often soon turns into ill-feeling. Calculated acts of giving are usually felt by the beneficiaries to be nothing more than a cold investment. Their minds are far less likely to produce from the depths of the unconscious those luck-charged morsels of association on which so much may depend. No doubt cold generosity is better than no gen-

erosity at all; it will usually attract more favorable chances than outright selfishness. But the luck lines of the man who strikes a generous pose in order to get something out of it are likely to need frequent repair.

You cannot drive bargains with luck. To expect a return for generosity is self-defeating. Material gifts, used to serve practical ends or to compensate for personality defects, have no relation to generosity. Even some charity is a long way from generosity, and still farther from luck. True charity is a noble virtue, but many times charity is just an act of condescension, performed to inflate the ego of the giver. Or charity might be just a desire to avoid taxes. There is nothing in such false giving to attract good fortune.

A distinction should also be drawn between genuine generosity and the compulsive and almost frantic displays of giving which some neurotics make. Some persons who sincerely believe themselves generous, and would give the shirts off their backs, are only self-deceivers. It is not generosity that moves them but anxiety to be loved. Unconsciously they try to cement their friends to them with the material semblance of generosity. It does not occur to them that, as evidence of a warm heart, the conspicuous gift is often much less significant than suppression of an unkind remark, the effort to understand another's

problem in his terms, or encouragement given when it counts. In the luck-process, it is only the inner spirit of generosity that counts: those who give only in material terms have done little to invite luck into their lives.

The luck which comes from true generosity seldom takes the form of spectacular, immediate blessings. A man may do a hundred generous things without having luck come his way. Luck is no mere caboose hitched to the train of generosity. The real reward of the generous is invisible and secret. It lies partly in his own psychological health and partly in the hearts of others.

THE generous person creates an unsuspected potential of good luck that needs only a touch from chance to burst all at once into happy reality. Sometimes such luck may take years to reveal itself. A schoolteacher in a small Massachusetts town had retired. She was a woman whose warm humanity had endeared her to two generations of pupils. No one realized that she lacked adequate funds to assure her a dignified old age. She had always kept her problems to herself. Reluctantly, she decided to go away to live with a relative. Then luck entered, through the back door.

A chance miscalculation of her bank balance caused this fine woman to overdraw her small checking account for the first time in her life. She visited the village banker

to ask indulgence. In the course of the conversation, he found it necessary to inquire about her finances. He shook his head over what he heard. She went away desolated, and her distress increased when she was asked to appear at a special meeting of the Board of Selectmen of the town.

These tight-lipped gentlemen had assembled a group of leading citizens, and when she arrived they arose in a body and cheered. She heard then that the selectmen had broken every precedent by voting town money to create an honorary post for her, carrying with it a home and an income as long as she lived. The town could not afford to lose her, they said.

Even our enemies may serve as agents of luck when the generous spirit is called into play. In one case a political boss, a piratical old grafted, repeatedly and publicly denounced a prominent reform leader in his city. The reform leader was a man of great and warm spirit; that was enough to throw a span of luck across the gulf between them. When the reformer, a poor man, fell seriously ill, a letter from a hospital arrived, stating that anonymous funds had been provided to assure a needed operation for him. Only years later did he accidentally discover that the money had come from his old antagonist, who had gone to great trouble to keep his identity hidden. The reason? A not uncommon one. There

was something about the reformer's idealism that secretly attracted the other, in spite of their political enmity.

Humanitarian idealism, one of the loftiest expressions of the generous spirit, always has great power in attracting luck. The classic case is that of George Washington, who by the nobility of his nature threw out countless luck lines to men he had never seen. Here was a man allied by birth and position to the Tories of his time, and yet he took an extreme risk of life and property to lead a revolution that was democratic in spirit.

All over the world he was loved and revered by other idealistic men. One of them, the French dramatist Beaumarchais, produced with the help of chance a most wonderful stroke of luck for Washington. Beaumarchais pledged his own fortune, and took great personal risks. He was thus able to provide French aid for the American Revolution long before the king of France would act. This aid was of high value in preserving morale and fighting strength of Washington's army.

We, too, have means of storing up lucky good will in the hearts of others. These are means that all of us can afford, whatever our financial limitations. We can attract luck by yielding more frequently to our generous impulses toward strangers when occasion offers. Above all, we can attract luck by



the conscious, consistent practice of true friendship toward persons we know well.

THE key to a generous spirit is in the practice of good feeling, in the habit of well-wishing. There are specific ways to encourage this habit. We can try a little harder to understand a friend's problems, and give him such assistance as we may without looking for a return. When a friend is troubled, we can suppress remarks that only add to his pain without helping him. When our friends are made happy by good fortune, we can fight down our envy and try to enter into their gladness. We can be less intent on proving our superiority, less competitive, less assertive.

To begin, one needs only a slight effort of will. Determine that this day you shall convey by word or action that you wish well to some worthy person of whom you have been neglectful or envious. No

more than a telephone call or a letter may be required. The important point is that every act of true friendship is proof of a rising luck potential within us. Such actions are like oil: they lubricate the psychological mechanism of generosity which so many allow to rust within them. When people sense the truly friendly, well-wishing, generous spirit within us they feel good will toward us. Then a positive charge begins to course through our luck lines.

The will to generosity is equally productive of good luck in the love relationship. Many people, especially the young, seem to feel that successful mating depends primarily on finding the right person. They neglect the fact that it is equally important to *be* the right person.

Most persons fall in love a few times in their lives. But only the chance that brings two "right persons" together can open the way to reciprocal love. Those who approach the opposite sex in a spirit of selfish calculation unconsciously weaken their invitation to luck. The cynic is never the right person. If he is male, he regards love as a mere sentimental cover for the sexual impulse; if female, as bait in a mantrap. Both play the parts of cheats in life.

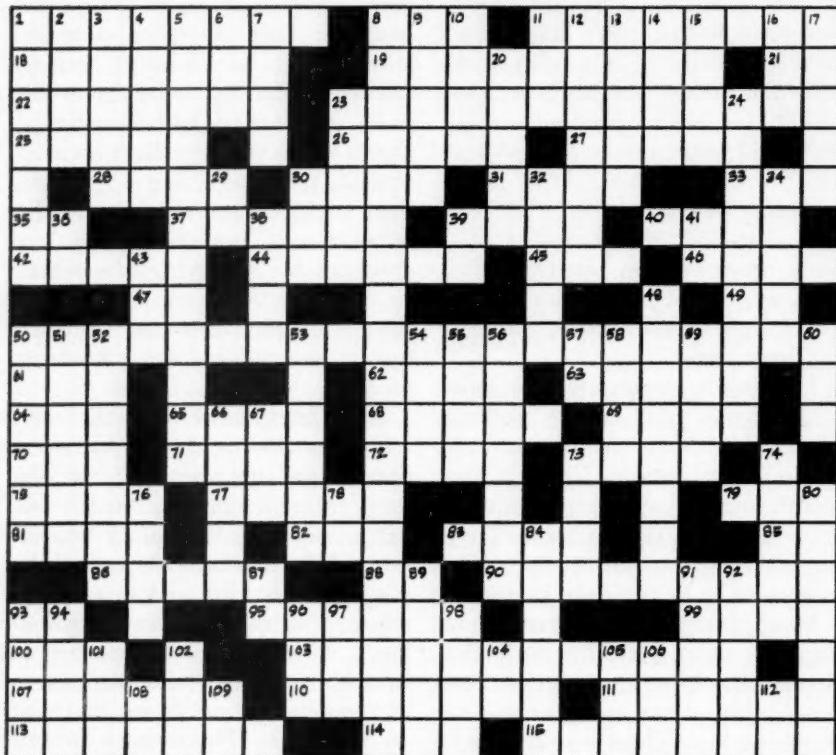
Such persons seldom realize that they pay a terrible price for the pleasure of exploiting others. Love-rejecting cynicism works like a poison in the personality, producing

an insecurity that tempts misfortune. Psychologists know that we need the love of others to maintain a happy state of mind. A deep, instinctive craving for security lies in us all. It cannot be fully satisfied except when we have the consciousness of being loved, first by parents, then friends, then a person of the opposite sex, and finally by our children. By destroying love where he finds it, the cynic undermines the foundations of his own psychological security. He turns his back on luck.

Sometimes, to be sure, the man who is unable to liberate his affections from the prison of the ego may enjoy temporary "luck." He never permits himself a whole-hearted love relationship. Still he may, if he is vital and interesting, enjoy a certain temporary popularity with women. But sooner or later his inability to deal with them as personalities weakens his hold on happiness. This is equally true of the ruthless female rake. She, scorning men in her heart, translates the love-'em-and-leave-'em philosophy into power and hard cash. She is seldom as lucky as she thinks; she takes the easy tricks, but loses the game.

Whether in our relations with those we love, those we like, or those we casually meet, we cannot escape one plain fact. Selfishness invites bad luck, while our warm-spirited behavior tends to pull lucky chances toward us.

Saints and Sinners



I. ACROSS

1. Add bitter vetch to rogue and get slipshod workmen.
8. Scramble Latin for 'I love' to resurrect New Zealand bird.
11. Ironically, "newly married man"—founder of order of monks.
18. Women prefer this to be nylon rather than 42-across.
19. A 'nieu' gust blew through Christendom when this sinner turned saint.
21. Wool in Scotland.
22. Sheepishly Tim toed the rug, having neglected his prayers.
23. On television he hoarsely (and invisibly) refused to incriminate himself before the Kefauver Committee.
25. Trains stop but don't do this; their noises stop and thereby do.
26. She sold purple daily, but on the Sabbath was converted (Acts XVI, 14).
27. Did Ruth say 'O in Ma I trust?'
28. Take a run back to reach this Russian River.
30. Mail here for St. Rose?
31. Mix wee drinks to get rotatory motion.
33. British Broadcasting System.
35. Printer's measure.
37. NATO aid for Turkey? Turkish kitty is large enough!
39. A girl's true name.
40. "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety . . ." Shakespeare.
42. This hose will not water the garden, but will let the sun's ray on it.
44. Liquor noxious for human consumption (slang).
45. "In years to come this miracle have might That in black—my love shall still shine bright." Shakespeare.
46. Dipper will come up with it.
47. Bank Draft.
49. Tierce.

50. Double Rule of Faith for Catholics.
 61. Chinese religion and philosophy.
 62. This king's tragic fault was rashness.
 63. English poet fought for Greek independence, 1824.
 64. Pot mixed up is fit.
 65. "U sop! that tree is poisonous!"
 68. Actor Lorre reversed is actor Flynn.
 69. All Montagues harbor this fever.
 70. Abraham's nephew was appropriately named (Gen. XIII, 5).
 71. Secular.
 72. Reverse a Spanish lion for a French Christ-mas.
 73. Actress may get kist in this.
 75. Spanish for Agnes.
 77. Large cluster of trees.
 79. Support from official patronage.
 81. Scramble Ireland for surname of an Italian St. Philip.
 82. Fish backwards for a great American general.
 83. New York street, site of Dorothy Day's House of Hospitality.

85. Right Reverend.
 86. Parlor couch.
 88. Police Department.
 90. "O chap! is it?" Yes, it is, and green and glorious into the bargain.
 93. Exclamation.
 95. Confessor to the wife of the Grand Monarque.
 99. Burglar turns his tool around to get the swag.
 100. Roman household divinity.
 103. Notorious alleged ox murderer of New England.
 107. Florentine, 13th cent., one of Seven Founders of the Servites.
 110. It bewilders with brilliancy.
 111. 21-across and rail askew.
 Tips dreadful arrows to poison you!
 113. The folly of a fop.
 114. Sea off Japan.
 115. 'Sinner' and famed medieval drama seem coextensive.

II. DOWN

1. Sensational book or movie.
 2. "_____, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord."
 3. Common adjective for Jerusalemitic and Japanese.
 4. This city near Hiroshima doesn't suit 'm.
 5. In life and death these martyred Princes of the Church were linked together.
 6. Before.
 7. Town on Isle of Wight, too drye for much mixing.
 8. This 16th cent. Carmelite Saint took the name of a sinner-saint.
 9. District of French Equatorial Africa.
 10. Hindu god of the altar fire.
 11. Bachelor of Science.
 12. Old Boy of Eton.
 13. 7th month of the Jewish year.
 14. Combining form meaning 'insect.'
 15. Think.
 16. A pass between two peaks.
 17. Sobriquet of famous N. Y. restaurateur.
 20. Official Russian decree.
 23. Amorous trifler.
 24. Rake.
 29. Article.
 30. Card game.
 32. Snooper.
 34. 19th cent. Saint of the Children, Founder of the Salesians.
 36. Degree.
 38. Former President of Cuba.
 39. Jim Fisk, George Harvey, Ira Dutton hailed from this State.
 41. Lufecium.
 43. Black magic.
 48. Miss Hill, Bugsy Siegel's friend.
 50. Steel ruled with an iron fist.
 51. Fat bird got roasted in Alcatraz.
 52. He's worthless or criminal or both.
 53. Rogue, sometimes an endearing one.

54. Scramble a divorce mill and get a persecuting Caesar.
 55. Venture.
 56. Euphemistically, lady of the lighter virtues.
 57. Degree.
 58. Aborigine of Borneo.
 59. Tipster at the races.
 60. Slang negative.
 66. Spaghetti, ravioli, etc.
 67. Island in a river.
 73. Habitual drunkards.
 74. Baptismal name of young Italian singer, currently the 'rage.'
 76. Hill of the Temple.
 78. New England.
 80. Vital nitrogenous substance in food.
 84. Quality of tone.
 87. State Militia.
 89. Sobriquet of an English Prime Minister, 19th cent.
 91. King Spider is buried at Notre Dame de—.
 92. City near Canton.
 93. Norwegian Saint-King, honored by Catholic and Protestant.
 94. Sinners don't rate this nimbus.
 95. Alderman.
 97. Small watercourse.
 98. Farm building for storage of fodder.
 101. Adlai says: "To the victor belongs the spoils."
 102. Jumbled type.
 104. Edison Electric.
 105. Hind.
 106. Beetle that buzzes.
 108. Christ in Greek letters.
 109. Senior.
 112. Long State.

Solution will be published in
June issue.

BOOKS

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

The Holy Family Bible, edited by Revd. John P. O'Connell, M.A., S.T.D. (Catholic Press, Inc., Chicago 1, Illinois. \$29.95. 1,450 pp., with illustrations.)

The late Fulton Oursler received many interesting letters during the time his *Greatest Story Ever Told* was being syndicated in daily papers throughout the U.S. Some of the letters were intelligent; others displayed an appalling ignorance of Christ and His life. One man wrote, "I can hardly wait to see how the story will end."

This example suggests that the Bible has not been generally known or read in the U.S., but there are recent hopeful signs which indicate a change in that attitude. The new revised version of the Protestant Bible has become a best seller, and "black-book" companies are measuring through vastly increased sales a revival of interest in religion and in books about the Bible.

Now, with thoroughness and visual beauty, Catholic Press, Inc., has prepared for Catholic families a remarkable edition of the Bible. The print is excellent. The type is large and easily followed; the explanatory footnotes are clean-cut and easy. All these good qualities are enhanced by a series of cross

references that make the book usable.

Of all symbols, words are still the most suitable for the mind, and touch it most directly. But to generations trained on comic books, picture magazines, and a devouring interest in TV, words in themselves mean very little unless they are reinforced with a strong visual appeal.

This Bible is a rich satisfaction of that longing for visual appeal. For the Old Testament story the editors have used 336 color reproductions. They are taken from the paintings of Tissot, a famous French artist. He had a fine sense of drama. His pictures tell the major episodes of the Old Testament in a brilliant fashion.

The story of our Lord's life is pictured with almost equal drama and beauty. It is divided into three sections: childhood, public life, and the appearances after the Resurrection.

All these pictures of the Bible story are rich and provocative. I can remember in my own life the joy with which as a child I stretched myself on the floor of my grandaunt's living room pondering the beauty of a few colored pictures in a French edition of the Bible. I wondered about the full

meaning of the pictured episodes, but there was no easy clue to guide me in tracing the stories through the text. In this *Family Bible* the clues are given: at the bottom of each picture the chapters and verses are indicated.

This is a real gift to the average busy mother or father. The child himself can follow the picture stories with ease, but when fuller explanations are asked, it is sublimely easy to read in the text the complete story told in the picture series. Both parents and children can learn something of God's beauty, and at the same time a necessary teaching relationship between parent and child can be established.

A series of simple maps makes learning even easier and more delightful. With the maps, you can follow the wanderings of the Jewish race over the ancient world and the journeys of our Lord through Palestine. A whole series of story vistas is thus opened up, and families can learn a remarkable amount

of history in which to frame the Bible stories.

There are other splendid things in this book which go beyond the Bible and Bible History. There is, for example, a good section dealing with the Rosary, explaining its full meaning and excellence. There is also a wonderful explanation of the Mass, based on the best liturgical authorities. The explanation is plain and to the point, but it goes deep. Parents will profit from this section particularly; there is too little understanding among Catholics of the power and beauty of the Mass.

The *Family Bible* also contains a remarkable Catholic dictionary. Harassed parents and inquiring minds will discover in this dictionary concise and convenient answers to their many questions about faith and morals, Church history, and mysterious Greek and Latin terms.

The final section in the *Family Bible* is a collation of texts from the New Testament. The word col-

BOOKS SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB 147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. St. Francis and the Wolf, by Hetty Burlingame Beatty (Houghton, \$2.50).

Intermediate Group—9 to 12. Little Rhody, by Neta Holmes Frazier (Longmans, \$2.75).

Older Boys—12 to 16. Messenger by Night, by Mary Evans Andrews (Longmans, \$2.75).

Older Girls—12 to 16. The Mystery of the Lion Ring, by Eleanor Hoffman (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75).

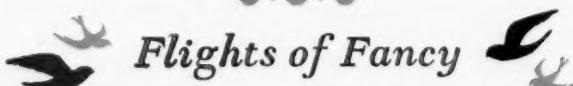
Knowledge Builders. First Book of Space Travel, by Jeanne Bendick (Franklin Watts, \$1.75).

lation means gathering, and in this section all of Christ's sayings on any one subject are gathered for our enlightenment. Such a collation is immensely helpful in giving us the full meaning of our Lord's doctrine. One quotation alone may easily lead the careless reader astray. When all our Lord's sayings on one subject are reviewed, we are able to savor His complete teaching.

The entire make-up of this book is opulent and practical. It is one of the grandest teaching instruments that I have ever seen. My

first reaction to the price (\$29.95) was, "It's too high." On second thought, I don't think it is too high. Much money is spent on useless trash and gadgets. For amusement or keeping up with the Joneses the average family spends at least ten times that amount every year. There is usually little or nothing to show for the money when the year is over. In the *Familly Bible* you will have a book that will be prized and treasured, and handed down to your children. And it opens to the whole family a wonderful glimpse of eternal life.

• • • •



Flights of Fancy

A thumbing-over mood.

New Yorker

Beavers sunning their teeth.

Donald Culross Peattie

A voice like the center of a chocolate cream.

Harriet Frank, Jr.

Black smoke boiling in the sky.

Thomas Merton.

Children laughing as though they had swallowed sleighbells.

Fanny Hurst

Coffee tap-dancing in the skyroom of the percolator.

Marguerite W. Kennedy

Pebbles tickling the bottom of the brook.

John Mario

Snips of sunshine scampered with the water.

Mary C. Dorsey

Personality like a dentist's drill.

Fun Fare

Fanatic: a guy that can't change his mind and won't change the subject.

Washington Herald-Times

Smiling boys turning the pockets of their souls inside out.

Martha Cheavens

She listened with both eyes.

Frank Case

Old man stuffing his pipe with dreams.

Lincoln Highway

An alcoholic staggered down the street, his feet firmly implanted on thin air.

Armand M. Nigro

Coiled her voice to lasso anyone who might listen.

Lionel Birch

[*Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.*]

(CONTINUED FROM BACK COVER)

Actually, the culmination of material things might be recognized in the globe; material representation of the material earth. It combines implicitly those objects to its left, but yet the eyes of the ecclesiastic forsake it. They turn, not to the visible earth, subject to changes of every sort, but to the plan of the universe. That plan is in itself a symbol of the fact that God is not subject to change.

Notice the movement from left to right. Here is not only a loss of detail, but also an upward motion as well as a sense of loss of clarity. Most of the objects in the painting appear in its left half. They are all material and human products.

Less variety appears in the right half. Here are only the ecclesiastic, globe, visual aids, and crucifix. At this last object your eye comes to rest; it may be no accident that it is the ultimate object on the right. The ecclesiastic is the nearest to the crucifix. The visible heavens, therefore, plus the ecclesiastic, plus the representation of God crucified, all appear in the right half of the painting. Pure materiality, therefore, is on the left, materiality plus spirituality on the right. The left indicates the multiplicity of objects and concerns that we face in our human life. These tend to draw us downward, as compared with the simplicity of supernatural existence on the right. This simplicity is evident in every aspect of monastic life, for example, and helps to draw us upwards to God.

From downward to upward: from mixing vessel, retort, hourglass to the skull (from matter to its dissolution), and thence upward to globe, microscope, ecclesiastic, and Christ—so may the eye trace its way. And the large, beamlike part of the observatory equipment is also directed to the right and up. The motion of the whole painting is rightwards; indeed, even the eyepieces of the microscope are so inclined. Direction as well as trend of the observer's vision indicate the passage from material to supernatural life.

Light and shade in the painting present a similar progression: that from light and, so to speak, animation on the left, to comparative dimness, or at least subdued lighting, in the right half.

The entire left half of the painting is brightly illuminated, suggesting the brightness and the color of the temporal: on the right, the obscurity and the intangible nature of the eternal is suggested. Moreover, the sky itself is of a uniform and unchanging blue, contrasting with the changing colors of earth. To bear out these contrasts, the illumination from the left seems to be artificial, not of the sun.

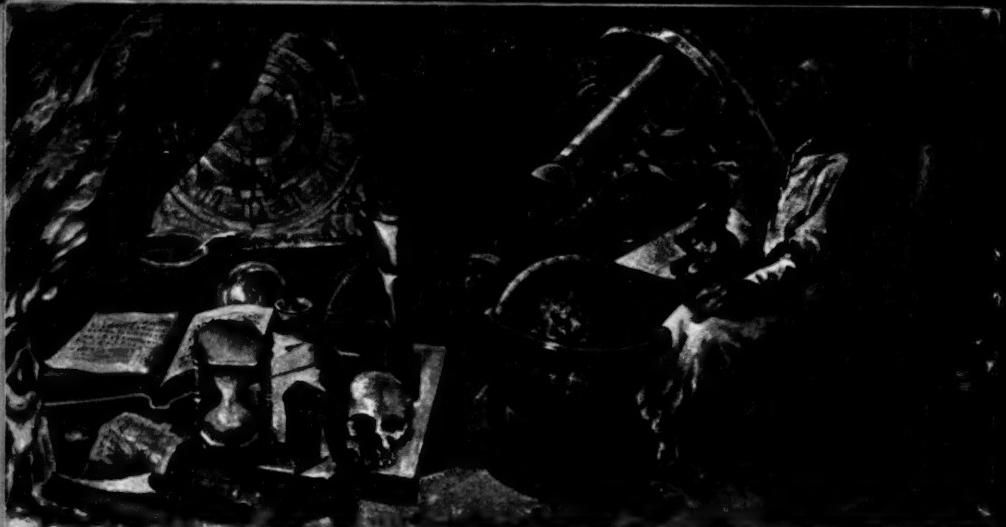
My interpretation of the significance of the skull, however, is somewhat different from your own. You state that it symbolizes eternity as contrasted with time (the hourglass) on the left. I tend to equate the two objects, following from the above remarks.

If, in general, the left half of the painting may be said to represent the tangible, the transitory, as opposed to the permanent and enduring on the right, then the skull would indicate that impermanent nature of man's physical constitution, returning to dust in the course of time, as it does. While the ecclesiastic does indeed possess his likewise corruptible body, his living is in contrast to the death of the skull, and the eternity of the sky to the limiting sands of the hourglass.

Upon the death of the ecclesiastic, his soul will pass unto our Lord at the right (we trust), but his body will become as the skull on the left. And it is time which measures the span of mortal existence, hence the close proximity of these two objects.

The whole scene here is enclosed from outer space. The ecclesiastic in his study, viewing from within the heavens outside, may be analogous to the soul within the body: man versus the cosmos, the soul versus heaven. The whole painting seems to me to portray not so much the cooperation of religion and science, as the distinction between the natural and the supernatural life.

HARRY TUCKER



(Reproductions, suitable for framing, (2½ x 1¼ ft.) may be had. Cost: \$2.00 postpaid.)

Thank you very much for giving readers of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST the extraordinary painting by Xavier González, *Religion and Science*, as your cover for January (reproduced above). I enclose herewith \$2 for a reproduction, which I will hang in my office.

I read with a good deal of interest your remarks about the painting. In contemplating the cover, some additional interpretations occurred to me. They may not have been the artist's intention, conscious or otherwise.

The ecclesiastic is contemplating the visible heavens with unaided vision, as contrasted with the human aids of the microscope and the telescope near by. This situation suggests the visions of the supernatural life that mystics attain, unaided by reason. In doing so, the monk is renouncing the various scientific paraphernalia depicted in the rest of the painting; these are, after all, tools for and products of reason only.

One line of vision is thus indicated from left to right: first, the planetary map on the wall; then the nocturnal sky itself; and next, on a level line, the crucifix, a representation of Christ Himself, who transcends both nature and the human depiction thereof.

Carrying this a step further, we have, also on the left, the map with its general outline above the specific material objects beneath it, as in point of fact the sky is over us. Parallel to this, on the right, are the true heavens, with the ecclesiastic, representing living man, as the most prominent object beneath: man, therefore, as partaking at once of matter and soul.

A progression of the eye something like the following might then be recognized. Your eye moves over the map and the terrestrial globe, heaven and earth, both actually united in the ecclesiastic, belonging as he does to heaven and to the earth as well. This forms a triangle, which is an ecclesiastical symbol in itself. Thence in an upward direction to the figure of Christ, the perfect combination of these two elements.

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER)